Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

Maine Fair Calendar, 1881.

Maine State Fair, Lewiston.....Sept. 6, 9

COUNTY FAIRS.

Androscoggin, Lewiston.....Sept. 6, 9
Franklin, Farmington.....Oct. 11, 13
Franklin Central, Strong.....Sept. 24, 25
Knox, Camden.....Oct. 4, 6
Knox North, Union.....Oct. 4, 6
Lincoln, Damariscotta.....Sept. 27, 29
Oxsipee Valley, Cornish.....Sept. 20, 22
Oxford, South Parish.....Sept. 27, 29
Oxford West, Fryeburg.....Oct. 11, 13
Penobscot, Hampden.....Sept. 28, 29
Penobscot North, Lincoln.....Sept. 28, 29
Penobscot West, Exeter.....Sept. 27, 28
Piscataquis Central, Foxcroft.....Oct. 4, 6
Sagadahoc, Topsham.....Oct. 11, 13
Waldo North, Unity.....Oct. 12, 13
Washington West, Machias.....Sept. 20, 21
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe.....Oct. 5, 6
Waldo, Belfast.....Sept. 27, 28
Waldo North, Unity.....Oct. 12, 13

Cattle, or Sheep?

An esteemed correspondent desires us to give our views upon the question of cattle or sheep raising, for the farmer, and we may as well state in the outset that so many side questions are involved in the main one, it is not so very easy to give a concise answer. The location and character of the farm, the facilities for marketing, the amount of capital which one can invest in the business, and many other conditions and circumstances are germain to the question. There is no doubt that, other things being equal, a flock of sheep representing a certain amount of money, upon the consumption of a similar cash value of food, will yield a greater profit than cattle representing the same amount of capital; therefore if a farmer has a limited amount of capital to invest in stock raising, and has a farm adapted to sheep husbandry, there would seem to be no question about which he should choose. The general farmer, one who feels obliged to raise all that his family consumes from the farm, is usually a person of rather moderate means, and with him, an early cash return of profit with the least possible outlay, is a matter of great importance. Sheep being much smaller and each costing less money, may be more easily gathered in a herd than cattle, by installments and as opportunity may offer.

Sheep also begin to multiply much earlier and continue to do so with much more regularity, rapidity and with much less outlay than cattle. The duties of the general farmer are generally many, and with his multiplicity of cares he finds it difficult to devote that time to cattle raising which the business requires to make it profitable.

Sheep husbandry, it is well known, draws less heavily upon a man's care and time than cattle raising. Indeed, sheep may be managed in a general way and successfully, and also in quite large numbers, with an amount of care and attention which would be entirely inadequate to manage a herd of cattle representing the same capital. Sheep are very helpful to the farmer in one important respect. With the average general farmer, foul weeds are ever present as a standing army, feeding upon his resources and robbing him of the fruits of his labor. As scavengers and weed destroyers, sheep are far in advance of cattle. They act as a guard, both offensive and defensive, and so persistent are they in the destruction of this enemy of the farmer's peace and pocket, that no ordinary farm weed can possibly stand their attack, and in this way they are a great helpmeet to man in his business of subduing the earth. They not only destroy weeds, but they make return to the soil in the form of concentrated manure, the elements of which it has been robbed. Sheep are also so constituted that seasons of great drouth and scarcity of food and water do not so seriously affect them as they do cattle. They will ascend the highest hills, and go up the sides of mountains, cropping the herbage from between the rocks where it is entirely inaccessible to cattle.

If the general farmer is the one to which our correspondent refers, we are most decidedly in favor of sheep husbandry, provided the farm is adapted to this industry. The natural habitat of the sheep is upon the hills, where it can get the cooling breezes, and a hill farm, or one that has a hilly pasture, is much better adapted to sheep raising than one upon a level plain, and because the hill is their home they are generally much healthier and more thrifty when pastured here than when summered elsewhere. A farmer of very small means for the reasons we have here mentioned, will also find it for his advantage to keep sheep instead of cattle. The sheep is a very prompt and reliable paymaster, much more so than any other domestic animal. The wool comes off at a season when the farmer wants money more, perhaps, than at any other time; then the sale of the lambs gives a second harvest in the same year. Sheep also require less outlay for shelter in winter. They are quiet and peaceable, and will thrive in an open shed. But if a man has a farm adapted to cattle-raising, abundance of means to put into the business, with a reserve sufficient so that he can wait for his profits, the breeding and raising of cattle may be made a profitable business, as has been shown in various instances to which we could refer, in our own State. Of course every farmer must keep cattle: he must have oxen for work and cows for the family supply of milk, butter and cheese; but for the average Maine farmer, when it comes to the question of keeping cattle or sheep, as a means of raising money to meet his cash bills, we think the preference is most decidedly in favor of the latter.

Disinfectants.

The National Board of Health, in a circular published last year upon "Disinfectants and How to Use Them," makes a clear and proper distinction between disinfectants and deodorizers, and disseminates the wholesome truth that "disinfection cannot compensate for want of cleanliness or of ventilation." The recommendations of the Board as to the disinfectants to be employed are essentially as follows: For fumigation (that is, the purification of an infected atmosphere), roll-sulphur; for sewers, cesspools and the like, sulphate of iron (copperas), dissolved in water in the proportion of 1¼ pounds to the gallon; for clothing, bed linen, &c., sulphate of zinc and common salt in the proportion of four ounces of sulphate and two ounces of salt to the gallon. The interaction of these two compounds doubtless results more or less promptly in the formation of sulphate of sodium and chloride of zinc, which last is recognized as being the most energetic of the mineral disinfectants.

The recommendation of the Board to employ the zinc compound in the form of sulphate (with salt) instead of applying the chloride of zinc directly, may perhaps be explained on the ground that the sulphate of zinc is a stable salt that remains in solid form, and may be exposed to the atmosphere without change; whereas the chloride of zinc cannot be preserved in solid form save in hermetically-sealed vessels, having such a powerful avidity for moisture that it rapidly liquefies by abstraction of moisture from the air. This property renders zinc chloride inconvenient to handle. By its indirect production after the recipe of the Board this objection is overcome. The Board does not recommend the use of carbolic acid for general uses, for the reasons that the quality of the commercial article varies greatly; that it is difficult to determine its quality; that it must be used in comparatively large quantity to be servicable; and that it is liable, by its strong odor, to give a false sense of security.

The Sources of Wealth.

Those things which are necessary and convenient for the support and comfort of our bodies, or which minister to our wants and conveniencies, constitute wealth. We are aware that the term is used to denote large possessions of money, but this is only a secondary meaning, for if there were none of the articles which we must have and which are essential to the support of life, in existence, of what value would money be, even if we were loaded down with it? If we were hungry and there was no food; shivering with cold and there were no garments and nothing to make them of, what use towards supplying our wants could we make of money? By common consent mankind have agreed that gold and silver shall be the sign or evidence of property, or the measure of property, and he that has a certain amount of it, has legal or technical evidence of so much wealth, and if he can exchange it for the things necessary to supply his wants, it is wealth; but if there was nothing to be bought, or when isolated from the rest of mankind like Robinson Crusoe, silver and gold are of no more value than the baser metals or than the same weight of sand.

But the elements of wealth consist in natural productions, brought together and modified by the skill of man, by the farmer and mechanic; and that country which possesses most of the elements or materials to work upon, such as a good soil, abundance of water power, forests of timber, quarries of granite, etc., has the most natural wealth. It then only requires the hand of industry and skill to put these materials into shape, and put them together, to form real, substantial wealth. This is the business and the duty of the farmer and mechanic. The farmer takes the land in a state of nature and subdues it, changing the forests into fields of waving grass and grain; the mechanic by his cunning workmanship, molds the rough forms of nature whether it be tree, rock or metal, into forms of usefulness and beauty. They are the second creators of wealth, the Almighty being the first. The merchant does not create wealth. He is only the agent of the farmer and mechanic to transport their productions hither and thither, as there may be a demand for them. His position is in every sense an inferior one, although not all of them think so.

The more industrious and skilled workers there are in these two classes, the more wealth will be accumulated in the country. Farmers and mechanics should think of these things, and magnify their high calling. They should not look upon themselves as mere plodders and servants, as many are wont to do, but as second only to the great first cause in the production and increase of wealth. They should pay no regard to the false standard of respectability that has been set up by non-producers, and perhaps idlers, and should never measure themselves, nor recognize the right of others to measure them by it. The true standard of respectability always and everywhere, should be and is, an improved mind, an upright and blameless life, and skillful and industrious hands. The qualities of mind and heart being equal, that person or class of persons should have the most honor, who, by the combined efforts of his mental and physical powers, has most largely contributed to the increase of those things which go to make up real wealth.

Fancy Farming.

Fancy farmers, or those who having plenty of money, farm for pleasure rather than profit, are often sneered at by those who have made agriculture a life business, but to this class and to those who are usually called "theorists" and "impractical" men, is principally due the progress that has been made in agriculture in all ages of the world. We have always been of the opinion that there was great use in the farming world for theorists, though we are not quite prepared to go the length of the following, which we find in the *Lancaster Farmer:*

The article referred to says that "no class of men have been ridiculed so much, and none have done so much good as those who are denominated fancy farmers. They have been, in all times and countries, the benefactors of the men who have treated them with derision. They have experimented for the good of the world, while others have simply worked for their own good. They tested theories while others raised crops for market. They have given a glory to the occupation of farming it never had before.

Fancy farmers have changed the wild hog into the Suffolk and Berkshire; the wild cattle of Britain into Shorthorns; the mountain sheep, with its lean body and hair fleece, into the Southdown and Merino. They brought up the milk of cows from pints to gallons. They have lengthened the sirloin of the bullock, enlarged the ham of the hog, given strength to the shoulder of the ox, rendered finer the wool of the sheep, added fleetness to the horse, and made beautiful every animal that is kept in the service of man. They have improved and hastened the development of all domestic animals from which they sprung.

Fancy farmers introduced irrigation and underdraining, also grinding and cooking for stock. They have brought guano from Peru, and nitrate of soda from Chili. They introduced and domesticated all the plants we have of foreign origin. They brought out the theory of the rotation of crops as a natural means for keeping up and increasing the fertility of the soil. They first ground up gypsum and bones, and treated the latter with acid to make manures of peculiar value. They first analyzed soil as a means of determining what was wanted to increase their fertility. They introduced the most approved methods of raising and distributing water.

Fancy farmers or fancy horticulturists have given us all our varieties of fruits, vegetables and flowers. A fancy farmer, in Vermont, a few years ago, originated the Early Rose potato, which added millions of dollars to the wealth of the country, and proved a most important accession in every part of the world where introduced. Another of these same fancy men originated the Wilson strawberry, and another the Concord grape."

Notes.

Dr. J. M. Bailey of Winning Farm says the best way to cut and haul fodder corn which has been grown for ensilage, (if it was planted in drills 3½ to 4 feet apart and has grown to be 12 to 16 feet tall, as it should,) is to cut it with corn knives, laying it in bunches as large as one man can conveniently pick up, and load it upon one horse tip-carts, laying the tops forward. The tassels will reach to the horses hames. When you get to the silo turn around, back up to the latter just where you want the load, and dump it on the ground. By using carts instead of wagons, the labor of unloading is saved and the stalks all lie straight, with the but-ends towards the silo in the most convenient manner for feeding into the machine. I haul on an average 1,500 pounds at a load on one horse cart, each horse hauling about 12 to 15 tons per day. It is not necessary to bind the corn in bundles. It is handled with the hands; a fork cannot be used to advantage. Handle the ensilage corn fodder as you would hoop poles, only place the tops forward on the cart, so that the load will not drag in the dirt, and will slip out easily when the cart is dumped.

A writer in an exchange gives the following seasonable advice with regard to canning fruits for home use; seasonable at least for the later small fruits, and for apples, pears, &c.: All fruit and vegetables do not require the same degree of heat, or the same continued application of heat. Fruits of delicate texture, such as the strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry and currant, should not be brought quite to the boiling point; while apples, pears, quince and peach may be boiled, but not so rapidly as to soften or macerate them. The best way to can fruit is to have it quite ripe; then pack firmly in cans, adding water according to the dryness or juicy character of the fruit. After this seal the can, leaving a vent for the escape of the gas. Then place the cans in a large vessel containing cold water and bring this to a boil. For berries boil five minutes, then stand to cool forty minutes. The object in allowing them to cool is to give time for the gases to escape through the vent before finally sealing. Strawberries and cherries should be kept from the light to preserve their color. This may be done by wrapping them in dark-colored paper, and keeping them in a cool place.

In a letter to the Germantown Telegraph Prof. Jordan of the Pennsylvania State College thus defines the duties of chemist to an Experiment Station: What Prof. Johnson does at the Connecticut Experiment Station is this:—He analyzes a sample of fertilizer, determining the amount of phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen it contains. He learns from the condition of the market what is a fair price for these ingredients per pound, and the quantities found in a ton multiplied by these prices gives a value very nearly approaching that for which the fertilizer should be sold. It is for the farmer to decide whether he can afford to pay this fair market price or not. He can only tell this by trial of the fertilizer, and carefully noting results. The chemist simply protects the farmer against fraud. Experiment stations have already effected a great saving in some States for those who purchase commercial manures; and it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania will some time possess one.

William H. Hills of Plaistow, N. H., says that his idea about the distance that corn should be planted has undergone a radical change within a few years. Formerly he believed that the hills should be wide apart; now he thinks they should be as close as they can be worked with a horse cultivator. He has found most double ears when his corn stood the thickest. He plants three by two feet apart and leaves four stalks in a hill. He thinks level culture the best; raised 58 baskets of corn from one-quarter of an acre of land, of which 72 pounds of ears made 64 pounds of shelled corn. D. H. Gooddell of Antrim, N. H., says he raised last year 193 baskets to the acre from old, worn-out, hardhack pasture land taken up two years ago. To raise good crops of corn the land must be fed liberally with the right kind of food.

We have received Mr. E. P. Roe's catalogue of small fruits and grape vines for the summer and fall of 1881. It is of much more value than average publications of this kind. One important feature of the pamphlet is the unstinted praise given to the Bedwell strawberry which the author says under high culture with runners kept off, in his opinion, will yield more bushels to the acre than potatoes. Those who wish to consult this catalogue and obtain valuable hints respecting the cultivation of small fruits, can obtain it by sending to Mr. Roe at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Of so great importance is mulching that it can hardly be referred to too often. Mulching should be done in the spring and need not be renewed until the heat of the sun or the drouth demand it. In the case of raspberry and blackberry beds it should not be renewed until after the suckers or new plants show themselves and are large and strong enough not to be injured by the mulch. Currant bushes will also be greatly benefitted by the application of mulch. The material for mulching may be weeds, grass cut from the lawn, or anything of like character.

Recent statistics go to show that eleven million bushels of corn will be converted into glucose this year, in the West, about thirty pounds of this substance being made from every bushel of the grain, which would give a total product of over three hundred million pounds of glucose. It is used in the brewing of beer, as food for bees, and in adulterating various articles of food. By far the largest portion, however, is used in the manufacture of confections. In Philadelphia alone many hundreds of thousands of pounds being thus annually consumed.

The sprouts upon the stocks which have been grafted this year should be carefully removed as it will greatly accelerate the growth of the scion. These side-shoots often absorb the sap which should go to nourish the latter, causing it to wither and die. All grafts that have cracked or otherwise opened should be re-waxed. It may also be found best to prune those grafts which have grown too rapidly and become top heavy. This will induce the graft to throw out shoots and give better form to the tree.

Milk turns soon during the prevalence of thunder showers because during their continuance ozone is generated in the atmosphere. Ozone is oxygen in a state of great density, and oxygen is the acidifier of nature. The excess of oxygen in the air imparts acidity to the milk by the formation of lactic acid. We often hear persons in the vicinity of lightning strokes speak of a "sulphurous smell." There is really no sulphur about it; the peculiar odor on such occasions is due to the presence of ozone.

Among all the waste materials of the farm few, if any, contain so large a proportion of fertilizing material as bone, nor is there any which, if carried away from the farm, will rob the soil of more important elements; yet we are sorry to say that few farmers make any special effort to save the bones and put them in a condition to be applied to the soil.

The *Country Gentleman* is authority for the long keeping of apples by immersing them into cold water. It excludes air currents and secures a temperature not liable to sudden changes. Grapes have been kept in the same manner in water nearly at the freezing point.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Farm of Hon. Rufus Prince, of Turner.

The home farm of Hon. Rufus Prince, president of the Maine State Agricultural Society, South Turner, in Androscoggin county, comprises one hundred and eighty acres of principally a gravel loam, granite in character. It lies on a large swell of land, running down upon a half intervale level that is strong natural grass land. It is in one of the most favorable orcharding belts of the State. The fruit trees, especially the apple and the pear, are particularly at home and do wonderously well. Fruit is the specialty. It is the hobby, if that is the word, with Mr. Prince. He has a love for fruit culture, dating back to boyhood days, and is one of the best posted fruit men, and one of the most successful fruit growers in the State. There are many acres covered with thrifty trees. In the orchard east of the county road leading by his house, the trees are thirty feet apart, with a row of pear trees between and in the centre of the squares formed by the apple trees. At the time of our visit nearly every tree of both apple and pear was loaded with well-set fruit. In this orchard sheep and pigs were pastured, and this course seems advisable. Grapes grow almost spontaneous; cherries do fairly, though black-knot is somewhat troublesome. The leading kinds of late keeping varieties of apples are largely in the ascendant.

The buildings consist of a large, old-time, square, solidly built, two-story frame house, with L and stable attached. Under the stable is a fine basement, and a fine cellar under the whole house. The barns, two in number, are in good repair and conveniently arranged. The cattle barn with basement, and there is also a corn house,—corn being the leading hoed crop in all this section. The uplands are finely adapted to this cereal.

Seventy-five sheep are kept, and are Merinos and grades of the same. They are pastured in the orchards and much benefit accrues to the trees therefrom. They eat the windfalls and wormy fruit, and a clear surface is kept for facilitating the gathering of the crop in the autumn. The smaller trees are protected from too near intimacy of the sheep by stakes or brush about the trunks. The prunings from the trees form an admirable brush for this purpose.

Some forty pure blood Poland-China swine of various ages are kept, or were on hand at the time we were there. The breeding of this variety of hogs forms an important item in the business of the farm. Mr. Prince, in connection with Mr. Haskell, has for a long time bred these animals, and we believe was the pioneer Poland-China breeder in the State. This breed is black and white, and was made originally by a cross of Jersey Red and Berkshire. They are a fine looking swine, shapely good hams, short heads, round bodied, fine shouldered, good depth, straight and clean. Mr. P. says they are the best feeders he ever handled, returning the greatest weight of meat for the food consumed. They are quiet, tame and pet-like, and certainly what we saw of them, both in pen and pasture, goes to bear out the claim. Last winter his breeding stock was wintered on mangolds and sugar-beets, and the house waste and swill, without any grain, and came through plenty fat enough, making a good growth and in the finest of health and vigor. The original stock was from the West, and yearly additions of new blood are made. There is a growing popularity for this breed and the yearly sales are very satisfactory. The keeping of swine is on the increase in the State. Improved pigs are enquired for, and the best will win. There is ample room for all the best breeds, and among the best, the Poland-China, as bred by Mr. Prince, must have its place.

The stock kept is largely of the Jersey grades, and dairying is a part of the farm operations. Superior butter and domestic cheese are the marketable products made. There are also some fine grade shorthorn cows. The work is done largely by oxen, and a fine yoke may always be found on the farm. There are eight cows, and three horses are kept for use. Steers are raised,—one pair is two years old and a pair of steer calves, have been educated and trained by Mr. Prince's youngest boy, nine years old, so that they are as easy to handle as old disciplined oxen. The boy takes to steers and has an inborn taste and talent for handling them that is seldom found in even much older persons. It is a sight worth the while to observe him and his steers.

The Blanchard churn is used in the dairy. The milk is set in pans in a cool well, aired milk-room. The milk at present admits of making one good-sized domestic cheese per day. Cheese is made during the summer and butter the rest of the year. Living water, of good quality, is supplied to both house and barn in abundance the year through. In the winter the water for the barn is somewhat warmed by passing through the house furnace which is located in the cellar.

The fruit trees are remarkably healthy; are trained with low heads and stand in a natural soil. Mr. Prince is an enthusiastic fruit culturist, and has worked hard in planting, propagating and caring for his orchards, much of which were set by overwork after the regular days work of the farm was done, and when others, now perhaps destitute of fruit or trees, were resting or loafing at the corner grocery or some other resort. Success in any branch depends on judgment, attention, application; these he has given in no stinted limits. Mr. Prince, though doing a large amount of public business and outside work, yet finds time to do a large amount of good square work on the farm, and is his best man. The cut of hay is large, and is fed on the farm; dry earth, muck and root scrapings used for litter and absorbents. Mr. Prince is a good farmer, in a community of good farmers. A fine pair of Poland-China boars have been received from Wisconsin since our visit, which are to be used in still further improving the herd.

The farm was first settled by his great-grandfather Bryant, and has come down to the present owner, who obtained it partly by heirship and partly by purchase. The money for the purchase was earned in the logging swamps and in the school-room. Mr. Prince has held nearly or quite all the town offices in the gift of his townsmen; also that of county commissioner, executive councillor, member of the board of agriculture, inspector of prison and jails, representative and senator in the legislature, trustee of State agricultural society, and is now its president.

He has served as president of the Society in all, a period of eight years. He is a firm believer in the policy of a located fair and a farmers' encampment upon the grounds during its sessions. The initiatory steps have been taken, Turner Grange heading, and now let the patrons, the farmers, the citizens of the State take hold and popularize camping out at the State Fair, as it has been done at summer resorts.

Brooks. J. W. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our Dairy Interests.

Maine is by location, climate and natural advantages designed for a great dairy State. Its importance in the dairy business is slowly and healthfully growing. This is encouraging, but the dairy interest is not growing so fast as it is desirable. It should be fostered and encouraged by every reasonable means by the organized agricultural bodies of the State. The State society has a large field in this direction, and owes the public a duty so to encourage this important farm industry that it shall come out strongly in exhibition at the annual fair. The society has striven to get out a good exhibit, a full exhibit, but so far has not been as successful as it deserves to be, and as is desirable. We believe if this department was put under the special direction of some suitable person, who should be paid for services, so that he could devote time and energy enough to the cause, and be allowed to frame a liberal premium list that should offer many chances to win a prize, and many prizes to be won, that the dairymen, farmers and factories would come out and up to the annual feast of the harvest, oringing their butter and their cheese with them, and such an exhibit be had as never before blessed the sight or the cause. With effort, we believe makers and dealers in dairy goods would offer special prizes of churns, creameries, butter workers, etc., liberally for special lines and special cases. It would be for their interest so to do as an advertising investment. We hope something may be done in the line indicated to bring about the desired results.

The Board of Agriculture has ever labored strenuously for the interest of dairying, and during the past year there has been no ceasing of effort. In a recent interview with the secretary, Mr. Gilbert, he expressed himself as deeply impressed with the portance of special efforts being made by all State organizations, as well as county and local ones, to foster and upraise this vital branch of our agriculture toward and unto its proper place. Dairying has never been lost sight of, and at many of the farmers' institutes it has been a leading topic. It will form an important part of the fall work of the board.

Dairying tends to build up the farm. It is a thrifty business; it makes good farming; it intensifies the system of farming. Dairy sections are the wealthiest ones. It is, therefore, a paying occupation. The waste helps in pork making. The keeping of swine lengthens out the farmers bank account with the manure heap. Dairying makes better stock. Good cows will be more and more bred, raised and kept. It will help rebuild the old farms of the seaboard and the interior. In the new sections nothing will pay better than good, square, intelligent dairying. The quality of our best butter is high. The whole average is gradually improving. The market is unlimited for the good, honest article. It will always sell at good prices; sometimes at very high prices. Dairy knowledge is widely disseminated, and the people are fast educating in the best methods. The subject of feed is the live topic of the day. The world moves and Maine is yet part of the world, so we are going along with it. The cheese factories are now down to a solid, sensible, hard-pan basis, and we hear now and then of a new one going up and into operation. Domestic cheese finds a ready sale at satisfactory figures. Now seems the special time to help extend the dairy business in a sensible, common sense way by the organized agriculture of the State, working in its proper sphere and capacity. And last, but not least, by the agricultural and local press, a power little less than irresistable, and a power that second to no other leads and molds, guides and fixes public opinion, public welfare and industrial interests.

In this crude article we have attempted no exhaustive work, but rather as a watchman on the walls, would cry the signs and the outlook. We desire to present a few salient points, call the attention, and if possible to force public thought upon this all important theme. There are readier pens than mine; there are more eloquent tongues to illume the subject, but there is no more zealous person in the cause. We hope others will take up the question of dairying, and bring things, both old and new, facts and figures, arguments and illustration, a little here, a little there, all helping forward the means to accomplish the desired end.

J. W. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

Various Matters.

At Mr. Abner Benson's farm house in No. Paris—have been looking with him at the fruit trees about his place, he has a large number of fruit trees, about forty cherry. Are remarkably clear of curiculio or black wart, says he cuts them from the tree between the blossom and the leaf, which is the time of their first appearance. Having a desire to know more about this homely protuberance (which he says if allowed to remain on your tree one winter you can't save your tree) he went to some unwatched trees back of the barn, and brought some branches on which were the curiculio, and after cutting open several we found three of the little worms about an eighth of an inch long with a black head like a seal, encased in a sheath which opened like ancient visors or face helmets, the motions of his body were like a beaver's having twelve folds which contracted and lengthened, on each fold were six black spots. He had twenty-four legs—the female was all white, not having the spots or black head which distinguish the male.

Vegetation in this section is stunted by the cold. The potato beetle does not seem to suffer much if any from the changes in the weather, unless he gets into a torrid zone where the fire enkindles his ardor until he goes off in ecstacies.

Grass looks finely in this section, and tons of pressed hay of last years growth are stored here awaiting sale, and can be bought for twelve dollars or less per ton.

I saw at his house a fine collection of antiquated dishes, over a hundred years old, and of very handsome pattern. A tin tea pot I noticed made before the days of soldering. The bottom was hammered so tightly to the body as to retain water without suffering a drop to leak out, the top was triangular, and ornamented in old style taste. A quart bowl I noticed of singular pattern and ornamentation, it had once been broken, and mended by holes bored through the crockery and a lead clasp hammered upon it, which caused me to think they dealt in lighter blows in those days than some of our artisans do now-a-days. A set of blue ware was singularly old and remarkably pretty. The old pewter platters too, were things of interest to a looker on of the nineteenth century. N.

For the Maine Farmer.

Popular New Grapes.

Descriptions of Varieties, Planting, Etc.

Fruit growers have much cause for congratulation over the many promising new grapes that have recently appeared. It is human nature to desire something new; and the same rule holds good among the lovers of fruit as it does in the ordinary affairs of the world's arena. Old friends have their value and should be justly retained, but new acquaintances have their fascinations and are duly appreciated; the playthings or recreations of days past may perhaps be among the best, but new methods of amusement, whether improvements or not, nevertheless have their charms; and so with fruits—we would not dispense with the good old Concords and Delawares, but there is something so bewitching to the amateur or professional fruit grower in the fair lily white skin of the new Duchess or Lady Grapes, or in the blushing hue of the popular Brighton, that it is not to be wondered at that these and similar new grapes, are so much sought after. But beyond the mere fact the grapes that I shall name are new varieties, they are possessed of qualities that in themselves should make them very desirable. Among the first of these that I will mention is—

The Highland—This is a hybrid grape of fine promise, that was produced from the Concord and Jura Muscat. It is remarkable for its beautiful large bunches, and delicately flavored fruit, being considered equal if not sup rior to some hot house grapes in this latter respect. Some of the clusters have measured eight or nine inches in length, and one has weighed fully twenty-seven ounces. The berries are of large size; of a bluish-black color, of thin but firm skin, and ripen a little later than the Concord. The vines have much of the vigor of growth of the Concord, and with large and thick foliage.

Prentiss—This new *white* grape is creating an unusual interest among fruit growers, and from my acquaintance with it thus far I am led to believe that it will prove a decided acquisition. It has been called "the best keeping grape known," and though there are some few other varities of grapes that might perhaps dispute this, yet of the white varieties it is probably still ahead for winter use. Up to the middle of February the Prentiss grapes are almost as fresh as if just picked. The berries are of medium size, but on account of their color and fine quality have sold at wholesale at 15 and 18 cents a pound, which will place them in the front rank for profit. This Prentiss was raised from a purely native variety, without any foreign blood, and thus far has proved both a hardy and healthy variety of grape. As an instance of its productiveness, I might mention that seven pounds of fruit have been picked from a branch or bearing cane 20 inches long.

Duchess—This is also one of the most popular of the new white grapes. Though the berries are not of very large size, yet being produced on large, well-shouldered bunches, they make a very handsome appearance. They ripen about the same time as the Concord, thus proving a very good white grape to follow the "Lady" which is considerably earlier. The vines thus far, have proved sufficiently hardy for this portion of the United States, doing well as far north as Canada, where it will probably also succeed. The fruit ranks in quality as among the best white grapes, and will no doubt continue to be a favorite grape for some years to come.

Early Dawn and *Moore's Early* are two comparatively new black grapes, and are friendly rivals—each claiming to be the earliest black grape of merit. *Telegraph* is also a delicious, sweet, very early black variety. The *Brighton*, which I have frequently recommended to the public in past years, seems to be growing in favor very rapidly, and numerous correspondents speak very highly of it. Other desirable red grapes are the *Delaware*, *Diana* and *Catawba*—the last two being excellent also for keeping into the winter. *Lady Washington*, a beautful new white grape, would consider herself slighted if not mentioned. She has reigned as queen at more than one exhibition of fruits during the last few years.

Grapevines can be planted much later than many persons suppose, as I have frequently sent them long distances by mail, even after the buds had grown an inch or so in length, and they have yet made a fine growth of several feet the same season. However, it is well to plant them out in March or April, or as early as the ground is in a suitable condition for planting. The first year it is best to allow the strength of the vine to run into one shoot thus obtaining one single cane from four to twelve feet long. The other shoots may be pulled or broken off when small. As grapevines can easily be grown in either city or country gardens, there are few persons who need deny themselves of the rich feasts of grapes that the vines will bestow.

Moorestown, N. J. R. H. HAINES.

For the Maine Farmer.

Use of Superphosphates.

I have been an interested reader of the MAINE FARMER for several years, but have not intruded upon your space, as I felt that those of your own State should have the privilege of occupying your columns. But I have watched with much interest the course you have taken upon the use of phosphates. A few years ago it was often spoken of as one of the wastes of careless farmers, that they expended so much money in the purchase of artificial manures, and it was claimed that less than half a million dollars was so spent by the farmers of Maine. Probably twice that sum is now spent, but it would be difficult to convince those who use the phosphate that they waste money in so doing. They might feel that they were wasting labor and seed, and especially the hen manure, the contents of vaults, water from the sinks, and the urine from the cattle stalls, but if they should save all this, and add it to their manure heaps, they could still receive benefit from the use of a good phosphate.

It is now over ten years since I was led, by a paragraph in an agricultural paper, to try it on a part of my crops. Since then I have used it every year but one, in quantities from a few hundred pounds to some tons each year, and have used several kinds, (though I have never been tempted to try a low priced kind), and it has not failed to repay me well each year and on all crops, excepting one year, when an unfavorable season gave me a very short crop, though it suffered from drouth no worse where the phosphate was used than where it was not.

I have tried it on nearly all crops; have used it principally in connection with plenty of good stable manure, which I think is the most profitable way to use it, and have grown good crops of corn and potatoes on ordinary land with phosphate and no manure. If I had manure enough for five acres, and wanted to plant six, I would buy phosphate and spread my manure over the whole lot, and put the phosphate in the hill on all alike, rather than to risk the phosphate alone on an acre. But if I had no manure, I know I could grow a crop on phosphate. I have tried several of the leading kinds, and do not see a great difference.

My object in writing this is not to recommend any one brand, but the general use of any good phosphate, whose manufacturers are known to make good goods, and to congratulate you and your readers upon the increased use of artificial fertilizers in your State, and to ask that those who have used it so that they can tell just how much it cost them per acre, will report through the paper after harvesting. It has got past experimenting with me, but I like to see reports of the experiments of others when carefully conducted. A.

Stoneham, Mass.

A learned writer affirms that a mosquito requires forty-eight hours to digest his dinner. That is all right. Nobody cares if he requires forty-eight days. We are more interested in the length of time it takes him to eat his dinner.

Choosing a Bull.

In the bull the head should be well set upon a broad, deep, muscular neck, having the horns short and not too bright; the ears long and situated near the head, the inside skin having an orange tint; the forehead should be broad at this point, with a somewhat concave appearance between the eyes; the eyes themselves large, lustrous and prominent. The butcher knows if he finds the eye of the calf protuberant, and by elevating the eyelids sees fat underneath, that the protuberance is caused by fat in the socket; and if it be found in quantity here, it is a fair criterion that it is well diffused in more important parts. A fine, flesh-colored muzzel, with nostrils well dilated; the neck, as said before, broad, deep and muscular; the shoulder blades well set toward the rib behind, and yet stretching out finely toward the "crop," leaving no deep hollow between it and the ribs; chest deep; ribs well rounded, and stretching backward to the hip bone, so as to leave no very wide space there. The breadth between the hip bones should be proportionate to the length from them to the point of the fleshy rump and the tail set on within this outline. The thighs should be well developed and touching each other inwardly near the hock, the skin covered with thick, soft, somewhat curly hair, and should be to the touch, when the animal is in store condition, soft, elastic, mellow and pleasant; but when the animal is fully fat (however soft the hair), the skin itself should be very firm, resisting, resilient to the pressure, like to the feel of a strained, well distended hair cushion. As before mentioned, the bones should be as small as is compatible with the full, steady support of the animal. In the cow we everywhere expect greater roundness of form, a softer touch, wider hips, and more delicate outline. In both a graceful carriage and lively air is desirable.

Poultry Raising.

You can do it very easily by adopting some systematic rules. These may be summed up in brief as follows:

1. Construct your house so as to avoid damp floors, and afford a flood of sunlight. Sunshine is better than medicine.

2. Provide a dusting and scratching place, where you can bury wheat and corn in winter, and thus induce the fowls to take needful exercise.

3. Give plenty of fresh air at all times of the year, especially in summer.

4. Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

5. Feed them systematically, two or three times a day, and scatter the food so they can't eat too fast, or without proper exercise. Do not feed them more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

6. Give them a variety both of dry and cooked food; a mixture of cooked meal and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.

7. Give soft feed in the morning, and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching place during the day.

8. Above all things, keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.

9. Do not crowd too many in one house. If you do, look out for disease.

10. Use carbolic powder in dusting bins occasionally to destroy lice.

11. Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests with whitewash once a week in summer, and once a month in winter.

12. Let the old and young have as large a range as possible—the larger the better.

13. Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time, unless you are going into the business.

14. Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or sitting of eggs from some reliable breeder.—*Rural Nebraska.*

American Cheese.

The home cheese trade is thought to be growing at the rate of 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 pounds a year. The conditions governing the cheese trade are different from those that influence the sale of butter. Only a dozen States out of thirty-three produce as much cheese as they do butter. The trade is also greatly concentrated, Twenty years ago a single man tried to "corner" the trade, nine-tenths of the cheese of the country at that time having been produced in New York and five adjacent States. The per capita consumption of cheese in this country is now between four and five pounds, but it is rapidly increasing, local tastes and other considerations governing the manufacture of the article. The combinations of competitions of freight lines make a difference in price of the article—but American cheese is handicapped about two and a half cents a pound when placed on the Liverpool market in competition with the English product. In 1880 over 40,000,000 pounds of cheese was sent out of the country. Great Britain taking sixty-five per cent of the quantity. The typical cheese market in the United States is at Little Falls, N. Y. Elgin, Ill., comes next, and St. Albans, Vt., third in the list in importance. New York receives one-half the cheese products of the country. Chicago comes next. In 1770 the colonies imported 56,000 pound of cheese. In 1839 cheese began crossing the Atlantic.

Business Law.

The following brief compilation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note by a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is also void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is fraud to conceal fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The act of one partner binds all the rest.

Insect Ravages.

The army worm is doing more or less damage in limited localities, in Knox, Woodford, Livingston, McLean, Grundy, Will, Iroquois and La Salle counties in Illinois, Calhoun and Berrien counties in Michigan, Dodge and Jefferson counties in Wisconsin, and in several places in Iowa. In some places they eat every thing green that comes in their way. Telegrams from Dakota speak of vast swarms of Rocky Mountain locusts flying high on their way eastward. They have appeared in comparatively small numbers along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, in Dakota and in Minnesota, but have thus far done very little damage to crops. They have also been seen high up in the air, near St. Paul, moving southward, but very thin and scattered, indicating that they were few in numbers—too few, if they should alight, to do any perceptible injury to crops. There is no present ground for apprehending that the present visit will prove to be anything more than one of their ordinary summer excursions.

Cows cannot be cheated into giving liberal quantities of mil

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 11, 1881.

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Collectors' Notices.

Mr. J. P. CLARK, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county during August and September.

Mr. C. S. AYER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Somerset county during August and September.

Lake, Mountain, and Forest.

The excursion made last week by the Maine Press Association to the Rangeley Lakes, was one of the finest ever enjoyed by the craft, and brought to view the magnificent resources of our own State in picturesque and impressive scenery. In this brief article we do not design to chronicle what the Association did during this glad pilgrimage—though there need be no concealments in that direction—but rather what they saw.

In journeying from this section to the Rangeley Lakes, which lie on the northern line of the State, you take the elegant cars of the Maine Central Railroad, at Brunswick, pass up the north bank of the Androscoggin river, which has many natural attractions; change cars at Crowley's Junction for another branch of the Maine Central, and soon find yourself in the Sandy River region, and gliding over the semi-circular bridge that brings you to the village of Farmington, well named "Farming-town," for here there is not the sound of mill machinery or trip-hammer; the occupation of the people is altogether that of farming, and from that interest alone has sprung up this central village, the capital town, with its wealth, culture and beauty. Here the God of nature has given these broad intervales, these smiling hillsides and lofty mountains with verdure extending to the very summits, but man's hand has utilized the kindly provisions of nature, and you find a town that has become famous throughout the country. Who has not heard of these rich farmers, very lords of the intervales, of the wealth of produce sent from this central place, to which all Franklin contributes, of the Normal School, Little Blue School and Willows, of the men of letters that gladly claim the old town as their home, and when tired and worn with life's battle, come here to rest? The editors had the pleasure of greeting many of the refined and cultured people of the town at the elegant and thoughtful reception given by Capt. Keyes of the Farmington Chronicle, where there was unrestrained social intercourse, music by the Farmington Cornet Band, speech-making, illuminations and refreshments. The headquarters of the company were at the Stoddard House, where they were kindly cared for by John B. Marble, proprietor, son of the veteran hotel keeper of Dixfield.

One would fain tarry here, but the lake country is beyond, and so we proceed to the depot, at the margin of the village, where there are miniature cars and a miniature engine, and you almost expect to see a Lilliputian conductor, fireman and engineer But Mr. Mansfield, who is the projector of the enterprise, is happily present and informs you that this is the Sandy River Railroad. You smile, not knowing whether to get aboard the cars or put them in your pocket, but decide on the former, and soon find yourself whirling on the two-foot gauge up the winding Sandy river to Phillips, a distance of eighteen miles. The road rides smoothly and has been run for more than a year without accident. It performs all that is expected or claimed for it, as a feeder to the trunk line, and a connecting link to the region of lakes and trout. Riding in an observation car, you skirt the intervale country from whence comes the wealth of this section. The Sandy river, like a miniature *Nile*, winds through it and at certain seasons lavishes upon it a wealth of fertilizing qualities. In the immediate background are densely wooded hills, clad in summer verdure, gently rising from the intervales, and still further on, standing like grim sentinels against the sky, are the peaks of Mounts Blue and Abraham, and the extended range of Saddleback. Occasionally a mountain stream or cascade lends variety to the scene; the eye takes in beautiful, quiet, pastoral pictures—cattle chewing their cuds under the shadow of graceful elms, flocks of sheep grazing upon the hillsides, and the farmer engaged in his delightful tasks, the fat cattle drawing towards the well painted barn the heavy burden of hay, "sweet as the perfume of Araby." The traveller finds in Phillips a busy, thriving town of 1500 inhabitants, with several churches, manufacturing establishments, etc., but the main interest is that of farming. A lively, enterprising local paper, "The Phonograph" is published here by O. M. Moore, who has exhibited considerable enterprise in bringing to public notice the resources of the place as a summer resort, its magnificent scenery, its mountain streams and trout brooks and romantic drives, and facilities for hunting. There are two excellent hotels in the place, the "Barden House," kept by Samuel Farmer, a jolly, stalwart specimen of the true host, a living embodiment of Dickens' characterization, who makes every one happy, that comes within the realm where he holds cheerful sway; and the "Elmwood," kept by T. L. Page, a perfect gem of a hotel. You leave railroading at Phillips and take the mountain stages for the Rangeley region. These stages hold twelve persons each, are open at the sides, easy running, and drawn by four horses. This is the Rogers' line, and has careful and competent drivers. The distance is eighteen miles—and they have long miles here. On leaving Phillips, you plunge at once into the midst of the most picturesque and diversified scenery. The Saddleback range of mountains keeps in view, and is perhaps the central object of the panorama, with the exception of old Mt. Blue in the far distance. The sparkling waters of the Sandy River appear occasionally, the intervales stretch out before you, cultivated farms crop out at the right and left, while here and there the road leads through the dense wilderness. Those who find time to tarry, can visit the cascades that rush down the hillsides, or drop a line in the trout streams, an effort in which direction is sure to be rewarded by a string of the speckled beauties. Now your horses, familiar with the hard places, nerve themselves to ascend Beach hill, a continuous rise of four miles. This hill is a spur of the Saddleback range, and the traveller is thankful the State appropriation to put the road around it instead of over it, was not used, for from the summit of this hill, raised 2500 feet above the level of the sea, you have a view that rivals any scene in the White Mountain region. There is not that abruptness and grandeur that you find in ascending Mt. Washington, but you have a picturesqueness, beauty and verdure that cannot be surpassed.

A call at a farm-house, beyond the hill, reminds you that you are in the region of wild beasts, for stretched on a board in the farmer's shed, is the hide of a bear, captured in June. The hide is what the trappers call a "long-wooled" one, and will bring some four or five dollars. The farmer informs us that he thinks he has another bear entrapped, because he heard the unmistakable scream of a bear in his pasture that morning. You soon come in sight of the Sandy River ponds, the source of the Sandy River, while on the right is Long Pond, which connects with the Rangeley lakes as a feeder, and is the source of the Androscoggin river. Thus you stand for a moment on a narrow strip of land separating waters flowing in opposite directions, finally to mingle respectively in the waters of the Kennebec and of the Androscoggin. Our veteran hunter guide, J. G. Rich of Bethel, informs us, as a coincidence, that at one time in his experience he had stood at the margin of the head waters of the Kennebec, and drank water from the Penobscot river, at the west branch.

You descend to Greenvale, rightly named, because the place centers in a lovely green vale, encircled by hills, with trout streams running along their base, furnishing as fine fishing in June as can be found elsewhere. Rest and refreshment is here obtained at the comfortable Greenvale House, kept by Mr. Geo. M. Esty. But the culmination of your trip is reached when you approach the Rangeley Lake from Dallas Mountain. We saw it as the sunset glows were touching the mountain tops, and the shadows of approaching twilight rested upon the lake-let's bosom; and it was a scene of supernal beauty. The broad lake was upon the left, fertile farms stretched over the cleared hillsides at the right, while in front at a little distance, nestled the village of Rangeley. We turn towards the farms and find extensive operations in that direction. Luther Niles cuts 300 tons of hay on his farm, and has seven barns, while John R. Toothaker cuts 150 tons. These are only specimen bricks. The growing, enterprising town shows that fishing and mountain scenery are not the only attractions of this region. We must not forget to mention the new Rangeley Lake House, with its easy beds, nice, airy rooms and rich fare. Mr. J. A. Burke is the proprietor. The Oquossoc House also affords good accommodations.

You are now in the midst of the Rangeley Lake region, and of the twelve pound trout. The lower lake of this beautiful chain, Umbagog, is more than half in Coos county, New Hampshire. The lakes are known severally as Rangeley or Oquossoc, Cupsuptic, Mooselucmaguntic or the Great Lake, Mollechunkamunk or the Upper Richardson Lake, Welokennebacook or the Lower Richardson Lake, and Umbagog. These six lakes are all connected by narrows or streams, forming one continuous water communication for about fifty miles. They are navigated by small but safe steamers, which, besides their regular routes, hold themselves in readiness to accommodate excursion parties. Rangeley Lake, which is the first reached is nine miles long and three miles wide, the northern side being wholly flanked by cultivated farms, and the southern side by alternate farm and forest. The lake, like its connections below, abounds in trout. At the foot of the lake, in a quiet, secluded spot, is the Mountain View House, H. T. Kimball, proprietor, which is reached by steamer from the wharf at the head of the lake. Occasionally the cottages of summer visitors peep out from luxuriant groves on the margin of the lake. From this point you pass over a carry a mile and a half long, either on foot or by buckboard, (try the buckboard the first trip, and you will prefer to walk the next time), to the head of Mooselucmaguntic, or big lake, which is 14 miles long, and differs from the lake just left in the wildness of scenery and the unbroken forests with which it is surrounded. That veteran woodsman and caterer, Mr. C. T. Richardson, has located his hotel, the "Mooslookmeguntic House," (the original spelling) on the spot formerly occupied by Soule's Camp, the first settlement here by the white man, and no doubt the centre of attraction to the aborigines, when their camp fires flashed over these waters, and the woods resounded with the voice of chase and conquest. From this point, near the head of the lake, may be seen the White Mountains, Elephant Mountain in Oxford county, Mt. Pleasant in Grafton, N. H., the Andover Ridges, and the Stratford Hills. There are numerous islands on the bosom of the lake. With the exception of some half dozen camps there is not a sign of a clearing, while the eye rests upon a vast unbroken wilderness in which the bear and lynx roam with almost undisputed sway. Cared for by the kind-hearted, attentive landlord, Mr. Richardson, and accompanied by his trusty guides, Jere Ellis and W. E. Fwombly, the pleasure seeker who revels in hunting and fishing, who desires to breath the pure air of mountain and lake, will need nothing further to captivate him.

On the quiet waters of the big lake may be daily seen boats with fishermen active at their tasks, though we found the trout exceedingly shy, June and September being the best months for fishing. For regular trips and pleasure excursions the little steamer Oquossoc, Capt. F. C. Barker, may be taken for a visit to Bemis stream, Upper Dam, Indian Rock, and to other points of interest. The fine mountain and forest views captivate the beholder. Below him and around him, stretching out farther than the eye can reach, there is nothing but water and forest and sky. The Oquossoc Angling Association at Indian Rock, gave us a cordial invitation to dine at their camp, "Kennebago," which was gladly accepted, the occasion forming one of the pleasantest episodes of the trip. Regular Fifth Avenue fair was furnished in the elegant dining room of the camp. Mr. I. N. Packard, formerly of Winthrop, who is superintendent, doing the honors. All that wealth, good taste and the sportman's art could suggest have been brought into requisition in the location and construction of the buildings forming the camp, at the famous Indian rallying point, known as Indian Rock. The organization is called the Oquossoc Angling Association. A. D. Lockwood is President, and Weston Lewis of Boston, Vice President, while the membership is composed of men of wealth from various sections of the country. The camp is situated at the confluence of the Kennebago and Rangeley streams, in a secluded, land-locked position, but in the immediate vicinity of the Cupsuptic lake and the very best fishing grounds. It is a picture of beauty and comfort carved out of the wilderness.

We proceed on our trip down the lake to the Upper Dam, owned by the Lewiston manufacturers for increasing their water storage, in hopes that the time will soon come when the 300,000 spindles now running in Lewiston will be increased to 500,000. No extra water has been needed the present season. This dam is longer than that over the Kennebec river at Augusta, but of course is not required to be as strong, as the pressure is comparatively light. Crossing down to Richardson's lakes, we glide over the smooth waters of the Mollechunkamunk and Welokennebacook, the conveyance being the safe and fast steamer, "Welokennebacook," Capt. Emerson. The rest and quiet of the grand wilderness which shuts us out from the turmoil of the world is broken only by the hunter and lumberman. The evergreen of the mountains appears to be of a deeper hue; and though beautiful now, when autumn hangs out her banners of gold and crimson, must present a royal spectacle. In a little bay on the Mollechunkamunk we find Camp Whitney, owned and occupied by Mr. A. P. Whitney and his family. The proprietor is a man of large wealth, being interested in sheep raising in Texas, and mining in New Mexico. A right princely welcome he extends us; his elegant quarters are thrown open to inspection, refreshments on the most extensive scale are served, and the company are sent on their joyful way amid the salute of cannon and the waving of flags. Dinner is partaken of at the "Anglers' Retreat," a nice home-like stopping place at the Middle Dam, kept by Aldana Brooks. The last hour of the lake trip, abounding in picturesque scenery, is taken to the South Arm, or Lake Welokennebacook, the party reaching Andover, Oxford county, by taking buckboard conveyance, passing over the lake road which winds through primitive forests. For six miles there is an unbroken wilderness. The Black brook, famous for fishing, winds along at your feet. We pass directly over what is known as old Mt. Blue," and entering the Black brook notch are vouchsafed a scene of wonderous beauty, the mountains rising almost perpendicularly twelve hundred feet. As you emerge from the woods you strike the Byron and Andover road, and turning to the right you reach the town after a ride of three miles over a smooth road. The town reminds you of the line in the "Lady of the Lake," "A deep vale shut out from the rude world by Alpine hills." The beautiful white houses, surrounded by green lawns, peep out from the foliage of elm and maple. You reach the town by passing between mountains, and you get away from it only by the same process. Bald Pate, the third highest mountain in the State, White Cap, Lone Mountain, and mountains with a local habitation, but not a name, surround the town, enclosing it as in an amphithestre. In summer the people devote themselves to farming and entertaining visitors, and in the winter to furnishing supplies to lumbermen. The Andover House is kept by A. W. & F. P. Thomas, and is the only hotel running a daily team between Andover and the Richardson Lakes, without regard to weather. The table is always well supplied, and the proprietors are anxious to do all in their power to please their guests. Mr. J. A. French has a fine hotel, and there are several boarding houses. We shall speak further of this town next week. The reception given the Association, Saturday evening, at Town Hall, was expressive of the good feeling and thoughtful attention of the people.

On Monday morning, buckboards were taken for the station of the Grand Trunk Railroad at Bryant's Pond, embracing a ride of twenty miles through the grand mountain region of Oxford county, but want of space forbids any attempt at description. Let no one visit the lake region without taking in this route. Proceeding to Yarmouth Junction, the party broke up, and scattered homeward, counting their week's experience among the lakes, mountains and forests of Maine, one of the happiest of their lives. Every mile of the journey was a surprise to those who had never before made the trip, and the impression was that the promised land for hunting and fishing had at last been found.

The State muster will be held in Augusta, in September, the next week after the State Fair. The official papers have not yet been issued, but there is little question that it will be held here, bringing out the largest encampment ever seen in Maine, mustering two regiments and one or two unattached companies.

THE STATE FAIR. From letters received from several of the trustees of the State Agricultural Society, and from a personal interview with Superintendent Tucker, of the Maine Central Railroad, we are satisfied that, if the weather is favorable, the State Society will hold in Lewiston, September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, the most successful meeting ever held. The show of stock of all kinds will be unusually large. The horse department will be fully represented. We are assured that Mr. Shaw, of Hartland, and Gen. Tilton, of Togus, will exhibit their superior and popular Almont stallions that are now attracting so much attention from all lovers of the horse. Mr. Norcross will exhibit some fine Fearnaughts, and the Knox family, so justly prized, will be represented by numerous sons and daughters. The friends of Pilot and Hambletonian will have their representatives, all vieing with each other for superiority.

In the neat stock line, the exhibition that will be made by Messrs. Bodwell and Burleigh will be worth a trip from any section of the State, no matter how remote the point. Farmers should remember that herd of Herefords was imported by Messrs. Bodwell and Burleigh from the best herds of England, including the Queen's herd, and that each animal was selected by Mr. Burleigh after a thorough personal inspection. Mr. Burleigh is conceded to be one of the best judges of Herefords in this country, and, as he was not limited in price when he made these selections, it is not saying too much to assert that the herd of Herefords he will exhibit at the State fair cannot be excelled on this continent. Our citizens should avail themselves of this opportunity and examine this magnificent herd of cattle. Messrs. Bodwell and Burleigh will also exhibit their herd of Angus cattle. These animals are horniess, and this is the first herd of the kind in Maine, and they will make an exhibit of their Shropshire sheep, probably the best flock of sheep ever owned in Maine.

The Jerseys, Holsteins, Ayrshires and Grades will be represented very fully. Dr. Boutelle, of Waterville; Mr. B. F. Briggs, Mr. George Gay, Mr. Dana Goff and Mr. S. D. Hodgkins, of Auburn; Dr. J. W. North, of Augusta; Mr. Libby of Saccarappa; Mr. Z. A. Gilbert, of Turner; Messrs. Howard and Ellis, of Fairfield; Messrs. H. M. and N. W. Weston, of Skowhegan; J. V. Fletcher and Mr. B. F. Hilton, of Stark; Mr. Gilbert Underwood, of Fayette; Messrs. George Blanchard and Brothers, of Cumberland, all old and experienced breeders, will be present with their valuable herds. It is hoped that Mr. N. R. Pike, Mr. S. T. Floyd and others, of Winthrop, will exhibit their very choice herds of Jerseys.

We learn that a great exhibition of sheep and swine may be expected, and the indications all warrant the belief that the dairy exhibit and the display of agricultural implements will be very large. It has been decided to establish an entertainment bureau in some central place. Persons having rooms which they desire to let, or will consent to let, from public-spirited motives, for the four days, will report the fact to the trustees, who will assign occupants such as may be desired. Strangers who are unable to procure rooms at the hotels, will be directed to the bureau, and will there be assigned rooms such as they may wish to pay for. The hotels have already procured a number of extra rooms in private houses. Large rooms in City Building and elsewhere have been hired, and will be furnished with cots. Some means will be devised to entertain hospitably everybody who visits the city. The trustees of the Society are determined to make this a fair that will redound to the credit of the farmers of Maine. We trust it may be visited by thousands of our people daily. The farmer can make no better investment than to take his family and spend the first week in September at the fair.

A SCOUNDREL. It seems that a man by the name of Crowe, at Peoria, Ill., publicly boasts that he manufactured the infernal machines which he caused to be shipped on a Cunard steamer for Liverpool. He asserts that he devised this scheme in order to wreak vengeance on England, because of England's treatment of Ireland. The evil manner in which this wretch details his plans overmatches Guiteau in sardonic cruelty, and makes one almost believe in total depravity. This man deserves severe punishment. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* justly says:

"Here's a man who coolly devises a scheme by which he hopes to wreak vengeance on England, but who must do so by sacrificing men, women and children who have no more to do with England's attitude toward Ireland than the Esquimaux of the frozen regions. Not only this, but he has no more chance of reaching the real parties arrayed against the Irish people than he has of winning the crown of Russia. The Cunard steamers, sailing from New York to Liverpool, are filled with happy voyagers, a large majority natives of this country. Fathers trust their families to the care of the waters and the vigilance of brave seamen, feeling that as against the natural dangers of wind and wave they are reasonably secure. But all confidence and all security in this world must be based upon belief in humanity and the conviction that beyond a certain point cruelty and cowardice cannot go. So long as men remain human in their instincts a certain provision against danger can be made, but no care, no circumspection, no bravery can provide against that cowardly assassination which mines houses, poisons waters, and secretes infernal machines to blow helpless and innocent people into eternity, while the infinite scoundrel who plans the wholesale murder runs away to escape the desolation he brings upon his fellow-men."

This man Crowe is not a native of this country; he comes here and locates in a great State of the Union, which protects him, and repays the boon extended to him by a free government in an effort to bring suffering and death to thousands of households. This country should not be large enough to permit such persons to dwell in it.

Another operation was performed on the President, Monday, and was satisfactory in all respects. Sunday morning it was found an operation would be necessary on account of obstructions preventing the insertion of a drainage tube. The President stood the operation well and slept quietly during Monday. Dr. Agnew states that the examination shows the wound to be less serious than was supposed. The liver is not injured in any way. Dr. Agnew also approves of the treatment of the President, and says it would not have been safe to have tried to remove the ball. The bullet is in such a position that no permanent inconvenience will result from it, though it cannot be removed. The physicians unite in saying that there is little if any doubt of the President's ultimate recovery. The news received yesterday was of the most flattering character.

All the works belonging to the Sprague estate were closed on Monday. It threw 6000 men besides women and children out of employment. The cause of the closing is the result of the anticipated removal of Trustee Chafee as Treasurer of the Quidnick Company by the Sprague family, and the injuction of the court restraining him from controlling and using the funds of the company for running expenses. As he cannot obtain funds outside sufficient for his needs, and as some dealers are perplexed, not knowing who is the legal financial agent of the company, he is obliged to close. The mills in this city are closed, but it will only be for a short time. We understand that there is a prospect of an equitable settlement with the creditors, so that the purchasers of the property here will receive a warrantee deed, and the Spragues will come into possession of their Rhode Island property.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS. The Grangers of Waldo county will hold their annual grange picnic on Thursday, the 18th, in the Winnicook Steam Yacht Co.'s Picnic Grove in Burnham, the same as the last four years. All farmers are invited to attend; also grangers from adjoining counties.——Emery Sawyer of Searsport, lately picked from one strawberry vine of the Crescent seedling variety, 63 berries, which more than filled a quart measure, and has since potted off 21 roots from the same vine.——Several instances have recently occurred in Monroe, where people have been awakened late at night by the loud cackling of hens, and on repairing to the henery found three or four hens missing and some lying around badly mangled, and partly eaten. Until within a few days, people have been unable to tell whether the marauder is man, beast, bird or devil, but the mystery has at last been solved, a lady in a neighboring town having seen an animal which looks like a cat, but is about three times as large and has a short tail. This is probably the same beast that is known by a variety of names, in fact he has as many "aliases" as professional cracksmen. Some are "bobcat," "wildcat," "loupcervier," and "lynx." It is quite common in Canada and Northern Aroostook, but is rarely seen in Maine. The whole hay crop of Monroe was damaged and much rendered worthless by the bad weather.——A strange disease has, it is reported, broken out among the cattle in Nova Scotia, and the mortality among animals attacked appears to be very high. The disease is pronounced non-contagious, and is confined to a number of towns, but what it is has not as yet been determined.——The Whig says: People from the country report that the fields now present an unusually attractive appearance. Instead of the brown stubble that usually follows the harvesting of the hay crop, the fields are as green as on the first of June. Enormous second crops have resulted from the heavy rains, and a good fall feed is assured.——The growth and resources of Aroostook are attracting the attention of public spirited men all over the State. The crop prospects in that section are highly encouraging. Although up to a recent period, the season has been backward, the late rains succeeded by warm weather have brought on a wonderful growth of vegetation. The hay crop will be nearly an average. Farmers had not commenced securing the crop to any great extent when the rains began, therefore but little has been injured. Grain and potatoes are looking splendidly.——Mr. L. A. Blaisdell of Westfield, says that the present season has not been a favorable one for the bees thus far. The number of new swarms is far below the average and the amount of honey much less than usual at this season. Mr. B. has upwards of 200 working swarms. He hopes yet to have three tons of honey for market, and thinks he should have had nearly double that amount if the last three weeks had been favorable.——Mr. Henry Tilley of Castle Hill, is largely interested in bee culture, and is increasing his number of swarms as fast as possible both by purchase and by natural increase. Mr. Tilley has adopted the Simplicity Hive invented by Root of Medina, Ohio, and follows his method of handling the bees. He received recently, by express from Medina, a honey extractor, by means of which he can extract the honey from the comb, leaving the comb to be replaced in the hive to be filled up again by the little toilers. Mr. Tilley is quite enthusiastic in regard to his new hives, &c., and is confident that he has struck the right key in the bee business.——The raspberry season is about over. Dea. Ingalls of Bangor, a veteran in the business, has purchased ten tons of these berries this season. The largest amount received by him any single day was 4000 pounds. Boston uses immense quantities, principally in making Washington pies.——Mr. Alden Burnheimer of North Waldoboro', has a cow which occasionally gave such small quantities of milk that he kept watch and caught his hog in the act of sucking. The animals will be kept in separate apartments in the future.——The Cumberland Farmers' Club Fair will be held Sept. 21st and 22d. M. W. Pearson is Secretary.

DEATH OF BISHOP HAVEN. Bishop Haven died at Portland, Oregon last week. Bishop Haven was born in Boston November 1, 1820, and graduated at Wesleyan University in 1842. He was engaged some years as instructor in an academy at Sudbury, Mass., and from 1846 to 1848 was principal of the Amenia Seminary in New York. In 1848 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He preached in New York State until 1853, when he became professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. The next year he took the professorship of English language literature and history, which he held until 1856, during which year he became editor of Zion's Herald, the Methodist newspaper published in Boston. He continued in this position until 1863. In 1862 and 1863 he was a member of the State Senate, and from 1858 to 1863 was a member of the State board of education. From 1863 to 1869 he was president of the University of Michigan, from 1869 to 1872 he was president of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., and from 1872 to 1874 he was corresponding secretary of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He became chancellor of the Syracuse University in 1874, and held that office until elected to the position of bishop a little over a year ago. Bishop Haven was the author of "Young Man Advised" (1856), "Pillars of Truth" (1866), "Rhetoric" (1869), and a number of pamphlets and addresses. He was an excellent scholar, a man of the most kind and gentle disposition, and one whose earnest thought and sincere conviction made him a power in the denomination to which he belonged.

THE TURF. At Tuesday's races in Dexter, the summary was as follows in the three minute class:

Elevator,	1	1	1
Marion,	6	2	2
John P.,	2	3	3
Kitty Wells,	3	5	5
Little Rose,	4	4	4
John Marshall,	5	6	drawn

Time, 2.40, 2.41½, 2.40½.

Elevator is owned by G. J. Shaw of Hartland.

In the 2.40 class the summary was as follows:

Aroostook Boy,	1	1	1
Gypsie,	3	2	2
Joe Hopkins,	2	3	4
Lon Morris,	4	4	3

Time, 2.40, 2.41¼, 2.45.

Aroostook Boy is owned by H. L. Brockway, of Dover.

HARTMAN, the Russian Nihilist, boastfully describes his participation in the attempt to blow up the train in which the late Czar was travelling, as if it were a deed that made him a hero. He does not seem to give a moment's thought to the fact that the wire touched off hurled into eternity a number of persons entirely innocent of all responsibility for the acts of the Russian government. By this man's own confession he is a murderer, and should the Russian government make a demand upon the United States for his surrender, in order that he might be tried for his crimes, how could the demand be refused in a spirit of international fairness, regardless of extradition treaties? It may turn out that the old Surratt case will be a good precedent for this government to follow.

For the perfect arrangements made for the comfort and great enjoyment of the editors and publishers, on the recent excursion of the Maine Press Association, those participating are deeply indebted to those of the committee of arrangements who gave their attention to the details. The veteran hunter and guide, J. G. Rich of Bethel, who was at home on his "native heath" in the wilderness region, furnished a fund of information in answering the numerous questions of the party; and we hope soon to present to our readers from the fly leaf of the old trapper's memory some of the exciting bear stories which he related during the trip.

The Virginia Republican Convention met at Richmond yesterday. The indications are that the convention will be under the control of those who favor a coalition with Senator Mahone, and that there will be a bolt by those who are called the "straight-outs," and in favor of a separate candidate.

The Posts of the G. A. R. throughout the State are to have a grand reunion at Lake Maranocook on the first day of September. Extra trains will run, with a reduction of fare.

Two children named Willie Wiser and Charles Parker, were burned to death at East Aurora, N. Y., on Friday, while trying to light a fire with kerosene.

City News.

At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, held Friday evening, it was voted that whereas Llewellyn W. Lithgow, by his will gives to the city to hold forever in trust the sum of twenty thousand dollars, for the express purpose of creating a fund to be known as the Lithgow Library and Reading Room Fund, only the interest of which is to be used in establishing and instituting a Public Library for the use of the citizens, subject to such rules and regulations as the City Government may establish, provided a copy of the vote of thanks shall be filed with his executors within two years from the time of his death, and whereas said Lithgow also provided that if any of his devisees or legatees should refuse to accept the devised estate upon the conditions named in said devises, then such parts together with the remainder of his estate, he gives, one half to the town of Dresden, and one half to the City of Augusta, and whereas the Mayor and Aldermen gratefully recognize the generous purpose of the devise and bequest, which will for all time be a monument to the munificence and liberality of the doner, they deem it for the interest of the city that the noble devises and bequests be accepted, and the conditions complied with.——A concrete walk is being made from Hospital street to the new Cony High School, and entirely around the building.——Mr. Walker Blaine has presented the Augusta Library with a number of very valuable books.——Mr. E. C. Allen, who is now in Europe, has decided to continue his trip abroad until September.——The members of the firm of Wright, Bliss and Fayban, are C. N. Bliss of New York City, P. Orisen, G. F. Fabyan, Brooklyn, O. H. Alfred, Boston, and the executor of the estate of the late Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright died some four months ago in Florida, leaving a large and valuable property.——The firm of Blackwell and Webber, grocers, has dissolved and a new firm under the name of Blackwell and Dow, established. Mr. Webber intends to go west. Mr. Dow, the new member of the firm, was formerly a member of the firm of Dow and Storer.——The adjourned meeting of the corporators of the Augusta Savings Bank was held on Saturday. The old board of trustees was elected with the exception of Hon. James W. North, who after many years of long and honorable service, retires on account of ill health. Joseph H. Manley, Esq., was chosen to fill the vacancy. The board now consists of Thomas Lambard, Artemas Libbey, Wm. S. Badger, Samuel Titcomb and Joseph H. Manley. The corporators chose Anson P. Morrill, Chas. K. Partridge, J. Frank Pierce, associate corporators. At a subsequent meeting of the trustees, Thomas Lambard was re-elected President, Wm. R. Smith, Treasurer.——Mr. David Fales, formerly teacher in the high school in this city, is on a brief visit to the scene of his former labors. His former students have grey hairs now and are bearing the duties and burdens of life. He taught here in 1848—50, and afterwards removed to New York city, where he has been engaged in the practice of law. Time touches him lighter than he used to touch refractory scholars.——Maj. J. D. Myrick has sold his drug business to F. W. Kinsman, who is to continue the same business at the old stand.——Cobb & Cole, the new stablekeepers, lost a horse on Friday, from exhaustion produced by the intense heat. The horse was driven from this city to Phillips.——Rev. Robert West, the well known and wide awake District Superintendent of the Maine Home Missionary Society, residing in St. Louis, Mo., has been informally, though very urgently, asked to become associate pastor with Rev. Edwin B. Webb of Shawmut church, Boston. Mr. Webb is one of the choice men that Maine has furnished to other states, he having for several years been pastor of the Congregational church in this city.——There was a great rush to Hallowell and Waterville by the operatives of the Sprague cotton mill of this city when it was announced that work here would be discontinued.——At the annual meeting of the Augusta Gas Light Company, the following board of directors was chosen: J. W. North, Samuel Titcomb, Oscar Holway, Darius Alden, J. W. North, Jr. At a meeting of the directors, Oscar Holway was chosen President; Geo. F. North, Superintendent; J. W. North, Jr., Treasurer and Collector.——The sale of V. D. Pinkham's stage horses, coaches, wagons, stages, harness, etc., took place yesterday. Some ten horses were sold at prices ranging from $50 to $160. There was quite a number of bidders for the various articles. Geo. W. Ricker bought the large barge.——Oscar Holway, Esq., is on a business trip to the West, and will go as far as Kansas.——All the presses in E. C. Allen's extensive establishment will be started up on Monday.——Secretary Blaine and family will arrive home this evening.

THE ROCKPORT MURDER. Our readers have read the announcement of the death of Willie Cain of Rockport, and the subsequent arrest of the boys, Ralph B. Richards, aged 14, and Edward Freeman Goss, aged 11, accused of the murder of young Cain. The whole affair has been from the first shrouded in mystery. The boys arrested told conflicting stories, each accusing the other of taking the boy out in the punt on the pond, inflicting a blow upon his head and pushing him overboard, because he refused to give up ten cents. One of the boys admitted killing young Cain and burying him in the woods. On Wednesday afternoon the body of the missing boy was found in the Horses brook, a small stream running through the Eben Thorndike Meadow. The location is about a mile northwesterly of Rockport Village, and further removed from the Lily Pond, which has been the principal centre of search. The body of the boy was lying in the brook, face downward, and his clothing lay upon the bank some twenty rods or more distant.

The location of the meadow in which the body of Willie Cain has been found, will be better understood by the following statement: Three roads connect Rockport and Camden villages. The eastern one runs to the eastward of Lily Pond. The central one lies west of Lily Pond, and is the one now mostly travelled. The third lies still father to the west. The latter after leaving Rockport a short distance, forks, the easterly branch leading to Camden Village and the westerly to Simonton's corner. Between this old and most westerly Camden road and the road to Simonton's corner, still farther west, lies the Eben Thorndike Meadow.

The Rockland *Free Press* says:

"Here is the spot where the body of poor Willie Cain has lain through three dreary weeks, while his fate remained a dark and impenetrable mystery. July 12th was the date of the disappearance. The parents, the sympathizing community and the town authorities of Camden, during the interval have made diligent and commendable efforts to solve the problem.

Suspicions, without any well-defined reason, became general that the boy had been murdered. Two lads were arrested, who were unable to account satisfactorily for their whereabouts, and were roughly dealt with, and finally made confession as they say through fear. By consent of their parents they waived examination, and are now in jail at Wiscasset.

Present information encourages the hope that there is no murder in the case, but that Willie Cain went to the meadow and was accidentally drowned."

An inquest was held by Drs. Paine and Eaton of Camden, Banks of Rockland and Walker of Thomaston; it was agreed that there were no marks on the body to show how he came by his death. The jury adjourned for two weeks, to give time for collecting and arranging testimony. The body was buried. The case is still a mystery. We are inclined to the opinion that it is a case of accidental drowning.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaint, etc. Pamphlets free to any address, Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

Kennebec County News.

Mr. R. W. Soule of Readfield, is putting into his corn factory, his cans by the two horse loads this season. He will take steam from the Readfield Woolen Manufacturing Company.——The barn of P. Sears Frost of Wayne, was struck by lightning and slightly injured recently. Exactly twenty-three years ago, a barn was burned upon the same site by lightning.——Charles Tinker, a young man, a carpenter for the Winthrop Mills Co., met with a serious accident at the cotton mill Thursday morning. While using a circular saw, he lost the fingers of the right hand.——A son of Hewett Burns of Hallowell, received quite a severe injury at the Hallowell Cotton Mill, Thursday. His foot got caught in the machinery but very fortunately the little fellow escaped with the loss of a toe. A few weeks ago this same boy had a finger nearly torn from his hand.——The Portland Mechanic Blues and the Auburn Light Infantry joined in an excursion to Lake Maranocook, Thursday, being the first military excursion that ever visited the Lake. A match game of base ball between the Auburn club and the Resolutes of Portland, for a silver cup, resulted in a score of 9 to 0, in favor of the Auburn club. There was a target shoot between picked teams of both companies, which was an interesting feature. There was a pedestrian match, ten miles go-as-you-please, for the championship of the State, which was participated in by Harry Hartwell, George Townsend and George Harrington, of Auburn; Hartwell, 1st; Townsend, 2d. The first prize was a gold medal. The entertainment closed with a grand exhibition drill and dress parade by both companies.——Chas. F. Achorn of Branch Mills, has been appointed postmaster of the Palermo office, which will be moved across the Waldo county line, and hereafter be located in Kennebec county.——A petition for restocking China lake with fish is now being signed by the inhabitants of the villages on its shores, viz: China Village, East Vassalboro' and South China.——The Kennebec Valley Campmeeting at Richmond Camp Ground, will commence on Thursday, August 11th, and continue one week. The meetings will be conducted by Rev. Stephen Allen, D. D. Among the preachers expected, in addition to those of the Kennebec Valley, are Revs. H. W. Bolton, J. W. Hamilton, and Mark Trafton, of Boston, J. R. Day of Manchester, N. H., D. W. LeLacheur, Andrew McKeown, C. F. Allen, A. S. Ladd, and others of the Maine Conference. A State Temperance Campmeeting on these grounds will be held on August 19th, 20th and 21st. Revs. C. F. Allen, D. D., Mark Trafton, D. D., of Boston, Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, Mrs. Barnes, of New York, Mrs. Woodbridge, of Ohio, Mrs. Stevens, of Maine, Hon. T. R. Simonton, G. W. C. T., Rev. A. S. Ladd, Mrs. Mason, G. W. V. T., Rev. D. W. LeLacheur, and many other good speakers will be present. Excellent music for both meetings.——Mr. S. S George, of Hallowell, is "high line" among Cobbossecontee fishermen. Saturday last he captured a string of 12 handsome Black Bass, the heaviest weighing 3¼ pounds, and the others averaging nearly 2 pounds each.——Mr. A. L. Mortimer of Waterville, and his son Fred, who recently graduated at Colby, are about to start for Mexico. Mr. M. is to engage in railroad work in the western part of the Mexican Republic.——Pastor Boynton of the Methodist church in North Vassalboro, recently baptized three persons.——A little four year old, Augustus Longfellow, was kicked by a horse, Friday or Saturday, causing a serious injury to the skull.

A FRIGHTFUL STORM. The storm of Saturday night was particularly severe in Penobscot county. Corn was prostrated, and grain suffered severely. In Bradford the lightning

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, August 10.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2715; sheep and lambs, 5396; swine, 10,701; veals, 67; number of western cattle, 2365; northern and eastern cattle, 350.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 12½@6 75; first, $5 60@6 10; second, $5 25@5 50; third, $4 37½@5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 75@4 25.

Brighton Hides—9c per lb.
Brighton Tallow—8c per lb.
Country Hides—7¼@7½c per lb.
Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.
Calf Skins—11@12c per lb.
Western Lamb Skins—65@85c each.
Western Sheep Skins, 40@50c each.
Northern Lamb Skins 50@65c each.
Northern Sheep Skins—35@40c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

A. N. Monroe	20	6 37½	L. W.	1425
do	17	6 45	"	1435
do	17	6 50	"	1380
do	25	6 37½	"	1470
do	17	5 25	"	1143
do	33	5 80	"	1140
do	22	6 40	"	1314
do	17	4 50	"	949
do	20	6 30	"	1296
do	16	5 30	"	1109
do	18	6 00	"	1167
Fitch & Eames	14	6 00	"	1210
do	7	5 75	"	1100
do	6	5 50	"	1000
C. Leavitt & Son	16	6 50	"	1317
do	8	6 00	"	1250
do	4	6 10	"	1270
do	6	5 75	"	1150
E. Farrell	6	5 90	"	1100
do	12	6 00	"	1100
do	6	5 75	"	1050
J. Stetson & Co.	13	6 00	"	1200
do	10	5 85	"	1125
do	12	4 90	"	956

The trade for western cattle has been active, at an advance of nearly ½c. per lb. over prices realized one week ago for the same grades of beeves, with a fair demand for shipping cattle. The larger portion of beeves were sold out early in the day on Tuesday, at prices ranging from 4½ to 6¾ c. per lb., live weight, for butchers' cattle. Cattle, suitable for the export trade, command from 6¾ to 6¾c. per lb., live wt. The eastern cattle were landed at Watertown, but we understand that it is the intention of northern and eastern drovers to drive their stock each week to Brighton for the regular market sales on Wednesdays as they have done in the past.

Working Oxen—Only a few pair in the market and a moderate demand for them. We note sales of 1 pr. girth 6 ft. 6 in. live weight 2450 lbs, for $80; 1 pr. girth 6 ft. 10 in. live weight 2800 lbs. for $110.

Milch Cows—Extra $55@70; ordinary $20@50; springers $18@55. The cow trade We quote sale of 8 springers at $30to$40. Springers 1 do. $45; 2 milch cows for $80; 1 milch cow $36; 1 cow and calf $50;

STORE CATTLE—Most of the small cattle that are in a fair condition are bought up by butchers to slaughter. Only a limited demand for store cattle at present.

Swine—Fat hogs 7¼@7½c per pound live weight; store pigs $2 25@5 50 per head, or from 8@10c per pound live weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep and lambs were all owned by G. W. Hollis. sheep costing from 5¼ to 6¾c per lb.; lambs from 7 to 8c per lb., live weight.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.

APPLES—Dried 4@5; evaporated 9@14c; green 50@75c per bushel.
BARLEY—80@85c.
BEANS—Pea beans $2 50@2 60; Yellow Eyes $2 15@2 20.
BUTTER—Good Butter sells for 18@23c.
CHEESE—New 9@11c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 55@1 60 per hundred.
EARLY VEGETABLES—Turnips 4c per lb.; beets 4c per lb.; string beans native. 75c per bushel; peas, 50c per bushel; new cabbage $1 25 per bbl.; green corn 25c per dozen.
EGGS—17@18c per dozen.
FLOUR—$7@10 00 per bbl.
GRAIN—Corn 68@70c; oats 50@55.
HAY—$12 00@14 00; pressed $17.
HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 30@25 per box.
HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 7@8c.dividing on 80 pounds; lamb skins 35@50c; calf skins 13c; deacons 25@35c; wool skins $1 50@1 75; shearlings 15@20c.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 00 per cask; cement $1 75.
LARD—13@15c.
MEAL—Corn 67@68c; rye $1 15@1 25.
PRODUCE—Potatoes, new, 75@90c per bushel; onions $1 80@2 00 per bushel.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 12@13c; beef per side 7½@9c; ham 10@11½c; fowls 14@15c; lamb 9@10c; mutton 9@10c; spring chickens 18@20c; round hog out of market; sausages 12@14c.
SHORTS—$22@25 per ton.
SUPERPHOSPHATE—Sells at 2½@3c per lb. in packages, $40@50 per ton.
GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 50@6 00 per ton.
WOOL—Washed 30@34c; unwashed 25@26c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY. August 10.

APPLES — Evaporated, 10@11; dried Western, 4½@5; do Eastern, 4@5.
BUTTER—13@20c for choice family; Vermont 23@25c per lb.
BEANS—Pea $3 00@3 25; Yellow Eyes $2 25@2 35.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory 11@12c; skim cheese 7@8c.
COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.
FLOUR—Superfine $4 50@5 00; Spring X and XX $6 37@6 75; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 65@7 00; Common Michigan, $6 00@6 25; St. Louis winter best $7 25@7 50.
FISH—Cod Ship's $3 75@4 00; Shore $4 25@4 50; Herring $3 50@4 50; Scaled per bx 20@25c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $5 50@6 50.
GRAIN—Corn, car lots 65c; bag lots 67c per bushel; oats 51c; fine feed $22 00@24 00 per ton; rye $1 45; shorts $24 00 per ton.
LARD—Per tierce 12½@12¾c per lb; per tub 12¾@12¾c; pail 13@13¼.
PROVISIONS—Beef side 6@8 and 9½@12c; mutton 0@0c; spring chickens 14@16; turkeys 17@18c; eggs 17@18c; potatoes 75@80 per bushel; new potatoes $2 00@3 00; Chicago extra beef $15 00@15 25; pork backs $22 75@23 25; clear $21 75@22 00; mess $18 70@19 25; hams 13@13½c per lb.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, August 9.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1615 head; Western cattle were slow of sale, but the decline of ½c last week was regained as the supply was light; Northern Cattle moved off easily at quotations; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $8 25@9 00; extra at $7 25@8 00; first quality at $6 00@7 00; second quality at $5 00@5 50; third quality at $4 00@4 75.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@165; milch cows and calves at $20@45; yearling $7@13; two years, $13@25; three years, $20@45; barrow cows, $15@30; fancy cows $50@65.

SWINE—Western fat swine, live, 7¼@7½c; Northern dressed hogs at 8½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 6818 head; supply is heavy and average quality fair; sales of sheep in lots $2 50@4 50 each; extra $5 00@5 50; spring lambs 5½@7¼; Veal calves 2½@6½.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.

APPLES—Sweet Roughs $4 00; cooking $3 00@3 50.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 60@2 75.
BUTTER—Best, 16@18c per lb; fair to good. 14@16c per lb.
EGGS—16c per doz.
GRAIN—Oats 53c per bush; corn 70c.
HAY—$12@14 per ton; pressed $13@15.
HIDES AND SKINS—Wool skins $1 00@2 00 each; hides 6½c per lb; veal skin 12@12½c per lb.
POTATOES—Best Early Rose, $90c@1.00 per bush; Prolific 55@60c per bush; White 55@60c per bush.
PROVISIONS—Pork, country clear 13c; western clear 13c per lb; chickens 14@16c per lb.

Chicago Cattle Market.

CHICAGO, August 8.

Hogs—Receipts 18,000 head; shipments 4100 head; market steady; common to fair mixed packing at $5 90@6 40; good to choice mixed and heavy shipping at $6 50@6 85; light at $6 20@6 70.

Cattle—Receipts 4500 head; shipments 3000 head; demand better and prices firm; exports 6 00@6 50; good to choice shipping at $5 40@5 90; common to fair at $4 80@5 20.

Sheep—Receipts 600 head; shipments 300 head; market active, firmer and scarce; quality poor; common to medium at 3 25@4 00; good to choice 4 20@4 50.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, August 9.

United States Sixes, 1881, (reg.)		102½
" " " (coup.)		102½
" " New 5's (reg.)		102½
" " " (coup.)		102½
" " New 4½ (reg.)		113½
" " " (coup.)		114½
" " New 4's (reg.)		116½
" " " (coup.)		116½
" " Pacific 6's '95.		130

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.

FLOUR—We quote at $4 00@4 50 for Western Superfine; $4 50@5 00 for common extras; $4 75@6 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@6 75 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are quiet at $6 00@$6 50 for Ohio and Michigan; $6 00@6 75 for Indiana; $6 50@7 25 for Illinois and St. Louis; patent Wisconsin and Minnesota spring wheats have been selling at $6 50@8 00 per bbl; and patent winter wheat at 6 50@7 75 per bbl. Corn Meal has sold at $2 00@2 65 per bbl. for kiln dried. Rye Flour continues to be taken in small quantities at $5 50@6 00 per bbl. In Oat Meal there have been sales at $5 25@6 00 per bbl. for common and choice Western.

GRAIN—There has been a decided advance in Corn on account of speculative movements West and unfavorable crop prospects. We quote all grades from 60@65c per bushel, and no grade from 45@68c. Oats are firm and prices have advanced in sympathy with corn. The sales have been at 51@52c for No. 1 and extra white; 49@50c for No. 2 white, and 46@48c for No. 3 mixed and No. 3 white. Rye has been taken in small lots at 90@95c per bushel, new crop near at hand. Shorts and Fine Feed have been selling at $16@17, and Middlings at $19@21 per ton.

PROVISIONS—There is a firmer feeling for Pork, with fair demand. Sales of prime at $14 50@15; mess at $18@18 50, and clear and extra clear at $21 00@22 per bbl., 8 to quality, including backs. Beef sells at $13 00@13 50 per bbl. for extra mess, and $14 50@16 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard has been in fair demand and are selling at 12¾@13¾c per lb. for city and Western, including steam and kettle rendered. Smoked Hams are selling at 10¾@12c per lb. as to quality, including city and Western.

PRODUCE—There has been good demand for choice grains and this description is firm Western and Northern creameries 23@25c for choice and 18@22c per lb. for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairy at 20@23c for choice and 17@19c for fair and good; Western dairy packed at 18@20c for choice and 14@17c for fair and good; and Western ladle packed at 16@18c for choice and 12@15c for fair and good. Cheese has been somewhat excited and prices are higher. Sales of choice at 10c@10¼c; fair to good at 9@9¼c and common and skim at 5@8c per lb. Eggs have been indemand at 16@17½c per doz for the different kinds. Pea Beans are firm, and have been selling at $2.95@3.00 per bushel. Med ums have been selling at $2.50@2.55 for choice hand picked; and $2.30@2.35 for Yellow Eyes. The market is well supplied with Potatoes and sales of natives at Long Island at 1 75@2 25 per bl. New Apples are in good supply and sales at $2 25@3 00 per bbl., as to quality. Northern and Eastern dried apples have been selling at 5@5¼c, and evaporated at 10@11c for choice and 8¼@9¼ for good. Spring Chickens are selling at 25@30c, but other poultry is quiet.

HAY. There is a firmer feeling for Hay, with reduced receipts. There have been sales of good and choice Eastern and Northern at $15@17, and common from $12@14 per ton. Rye Straw is dull and in moderate demand at $18@20 per ton.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, August 10.

The market for Wool has been quiet the past week. The sales of the week have been 2,000,000 lbs of all kinds, and includes Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 40@42c for X, 40@42c for XX, and 42½ for XX and above. Michigan fleeces have been selling at 39@40c for X. Medium and No 1 fleeces have been selling at 44@47c for Michigan and 45@47 for Ohio and Pennsylvania. Combing and delaine fleeces have been in demand and sales of Michigan and Ohio fine delaine at 44@46c and fine and medium combing at 46½@48c lb. Unwashed fleeces have been in fair demand with sales of low and coarse at 16@23c. fine at 25@31c and medium grades at 27@35c per lb, as to quality, the latter an outside price for choice. Pulled wool at 29@43c per lb, and choice Eastern and Maine super at 45@47c per lb.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., will occupy the pulpit in the Unitarian church at Ellsworth, every Sunday during the month of August.——Sabbath evening Rev. Mr. Haley will begin a course of Sunday evening lectures at the Methodist church at Searsport, upon "Scenes from the Life of Moses." Through the efforts of the pastor, the Methodist society are about to erect a large and commodious cottage on their lot at Northport.——The Church of God will hold its annual campmeeting at the Maple Grove Campground, in West Searsport, commencing Aug. 11th, and continuing until Aug. 21st.——There will be no services in the Congregational church, Rockland, during the month of August.——Rev. Jason Mariner preached in the Free Baptist church in Rockland, Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Mariner was formerly pastor of that society.——Rev. W. O. Holman preached in the Baptist church in Rockland, Sunday morning, and Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Toronto, Ont., preached in the Congregational church on the same evening.——Thursday, the Episcopal church at Limestone was consecrated by Bishop Nealey of Portland, and in the afternoon the M. E. church of Fort Fairfield was consecrated, H. W. Bolton, D. D., officiating. A debt of about eight hundred dollars was wiped out.——The Free Baptist Assembly at Old Orchard is well attended and much interest is manifested.——The meetings of the Faith Convention at Old Orchard are reported as of great interest, and remarkable instances of cures are reported. Zion's Herald reports the Methodist charges in the Aroostook county prosperous.——Hodgdon campmeeting is postponed from August 6th to September 12th.——The Rev. Geo. L. Prentiss, D. D., of New York city, has been visiting Gorham, his native town, where he has been received with the attention due so distinguished a visitor. He has with him as a companion, the Rev. Dr. Stearns, of Newark, N. J., who married a sister of Mr. Prentiss, and is the father of Prof. Stearns, of Bangor Seminary.——Rev. J. J. Carruthers, D. D., of Portland, preached in the South Congregational church, in this city, Sunday, and is expected to supply the pulpit during the month of August.——Rev. Dr. Sheldon left Houlton Monday morning last, for his home in Waterville. During his visit, the Rev. Dr. preached at the Unitarian church three Sunday mornings, and his services were highly appreciated and enjoyed by the congregation.——Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., of Bangor, on his 90th birthday, 29th ult., was visited by many friends. A large basket of flowers, forming the figures "90," were among the floral offerings.——The annual campmeeting of the Seventh Day Adventists for 1881, will be held on the same grounds occupied last year at Waterville, commencing Aug. 25th and holding until the 30th. Able speakers are expected from the west. The usual reduction of fare is granted to those going over the Maine Central R. R., and its branches to attend this meeting. The public are cordially invited.

On Thursday last as the little steamer, Weloknennebacook, was on her passage from the South Arm of Richardson Lake to the Upper Dam, full of passengers, a lady passenger, Ella Macomber of Boston, attempted to pass from the stern to the bow upon the rail of the boat, and missing her footing she fell into the lake. In a moment Mr. Fred Powers of Boston, jumped in and rescued the young lady, keeping her head above water, while the small skiff in tow was sent to the rescue. Mr. Powers did his best, but his strength gave out and the young lady was sinking when the engineer of the steamer, who was in the skiff, reached down, just in time to seize and save her.

The splendid Soda Fountain at Partridge's drug store, under Granite Hall, has been in full blast this hot weather. This fine drinking fountain is the best in the State, and was constructed especially for the Messrs. Partridge with all the tanks, syrup holders and connections free from corosive metals in which the ordinary soda fountain abounds, so all beverages drawn from it are pure and healthy. When in town it pays to go to Partridge's drug store for a refreshing glass of soda.

Horace F. Totman, 24 years old, a drug clerk of Boston, started for Franconia with four young ladies. Arriving at the Basin, he left the carriage and went down for a drink of water. Not returning, one of the young ladies made search and found his body floating in the water. Assistance was obtained and the body brought to Littleton.

CANVASSERS make from $35 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. 1y43

Mrs. Cole of Windham, N. H., declares that her life was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had 37 terrible Scrofulous sores.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. The official programme of the coming Soldiers' and Sailors' Reunion, at Portland, has been issued and by request we publish it in full:

Programme of the Second Grand Reunion and Encampment of Maine veterans, under the auspices of the association of Maine Soldiers and Sailors, to take place at Portland on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 23d, 24th and 25th, 1881.

All honorably discharged soldiers who served in Maine organizations at any time during the war of the rebellion, and all honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors who now are, or at any time have been residents of the State of Maine are cordially invited to participate in the reunion.

The encampment will be held in Deering Park, a beautiful grove, centrally and conveniently, located within the city limits, where ample accommodations will be provided for the purposes of the reunion.

Tents supplied with straw, ready for occupancy, and water, will be furnished by the committee. Veterans are requested to supply themselves with overcoats and blankets prepared to go into camp.

It is not expected that the men will appear in uniform unless they desire to do so, but it is hoped that as many as conveniently can, will wear dark clothes, slouched hats or fatigue caps with badges of the organization to which they belong. All general Field and Staff officers are requested to appear mounted and wearing side arms.

Arrangements have been made with responsible parties to supply on the grounds, suitable food at reasonable rates, to those who desire it, and bills of fare, giving the price of rations in detail, or of fixed meals, will be furnished to the veterans at the time of the encampment.

Regimental associations, Grand Army Posts and other organizations formed for the occasion, are at liberty to make their own arrangements for subsistence, if preferable, or veterans can bring cooked rations with them if most convenient, with the privilege of purchasing tea and coffee of the caterers within the encampment, but no fires will be allowed for cooking or any other purposes.

Veterans' organizations and comrades generally, on arrival in Portland, on either day of the reunion, are requested to report at headquarters of the executive committee on the grounds of the encampment.

Temporary organizations will be formed for the benefit of veterans having no connection with the existing associations.

Arrangements have been made with the several railroad and steamboat lines for one fair the round trip during the reunion.

Invitations have been extended to the President of the United States and to the members of his cabinet, to the generals of the regular army and to distinguished generals and prominent naval officers, who commanded Maine troops during the war of the rebellion, and to the governors of the New England States, with their respective staffs.

The programme for three days' entertainments is announced as follows:

Tuesday, August 23d.—Arrangement of the encampment; assignment of quarters; organization into companies, brigades and divisions, and the meeting of regimental associations for social purposes.

Wednesday, Aug. 24th.—Morning: completion of organization; distribution of badges; meetings of different associations and election of officers. Address of welcome by Governor Harris M Plaisted, and responses to the same in behalf of the association of Maine Soldiers and Sailors.

Afternoon:—Memorial services in commemoration of the honored dead, to be conducted by Commander W. G. Haskell. Department of Maine, G. A. R., to consist of an oration by Rev. J. F. Lovering of Worcester, Mass., Chaplain-in-Chief of the G. A. R. and other appropriate exercises on the camp grounds, to which the widows, orphans and families of deceased soldiers are especially invited. The evening will be devoted to the meetings of the regimental associations; banquets of different organizations and other social gatherings.

Thursday, August 25th.—Reception of guests and grand parade and review of Veterans at 9 30 A. M., accompanied by an escort of State militia.

Afternoon.—Sham fight by Veterans on the plain adjoining Bramhall's Hill.

The evening will be devoted to a Grand Camp Fire at the Park, with speeches, music, fireworks and other attractions.

It is hoped that the committee may be able to make arrangements to illuminate the grove and camp by means of electric lights.

The encampment will be enlivened each day and evening of the reunion by music, discoursed by Chandler's and other noted military bands of this State and Massachusetts.

The executive committee have designated Major General Joshua L. Chamberlain as Commander-in-Chief of the Encampment, who will announce his Staff and Commanders of Divisions in future orders, and Commanders of Divisions will in turn announce their respective Staff Officers.

The Secretary of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Executive Committee has received notice that eighteen of the Maine regiments will meet there at the grand reunion on the 23d inst. The executive committee of the 19th Maine have decided that the regiment will meet with the general reunion in Portland, Aug. 23, 24 and 25, and will not meet at Waterville this year, as voted at the last reunion held at Waterville.

Had Slept Little for Forty-Eight Hours.

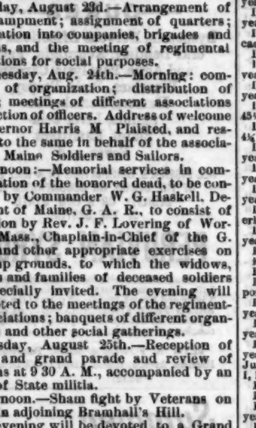
A gentleman writes: "I had an acute attack of *Bronchitis and Asthma* when the Compound Oxygen Treatment arrived, and had slept but little for forty-eight hours. Took Treatment for two days. My Bronchitis and Asthma about gone." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HAVE WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle. 1y42

"William, where have you been all winter?" "On my back." "What was the matter with you?" "I had the Kidney Complaint so that for three weeks I could not step." "What cured you?" "It was ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT." See advertisement.

The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is Hop Bitters.

Special Notices.



Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk. 1y39

BY UNIVERSAL ACCORD,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative pill that medical science can devise. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other pills can be compared with them, and every person knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain its healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
For over thirty-four years
DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT
has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentry, taken internally, and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches, and Swellings, externally, and not a bottle has been returned; many families stating that they would not be without it even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray St., N. Y. 26t51

Married.

In Albion, July 30, George F. Richards to Ella Raynolds, both of Benton.
In Auburn, July 28, Kilery A. Voss of Waterville to Alice M. Penney of Belgrade; Aug. 3, J. Sumner Stinchfield of Lewiston to Laura A. Archer of Aurora.
In Bangor, July 28, Rev. George F. Pratt of Bath to Fannie D. Harlow of Brewer; Aug. 1, Levi B. Leet to Della Rowen; Aug. 2, Francis F. Whittier of Farmington, to Katie E. Stewart.
In Bath, July 28, Richard Gibbs to Julia Leahey.
In Calais, July 16, Daniel L. Southard of Gouldsboro, to Alice Brown.
In Cape Elizabeth, Aug. 2, D. H. Pingree to Lulie E. Loma.
In Castine, July 31, Orrin M. Roberts to Mary T. Varnum, both of Brooksville.
In Deer Isle, July 31, Edward J. Parker to Mary E. McDonald; Aug. 1, Arthur V. Webb to Lucy S. Hatch.
In Ellsworth, July 23, Alonzo A. Jordan to Eva F. Jordan; July 27, Frank E. Smith to Sadie I. Cook.
In Friendship, July 21, Albion Palmer, of Waldoboro, to Ida Lawry.
In Gardiner, July 30, Chas. H. Kimball to Hannah A. Wheeler.
In Harpswell, July 27, Willie M. Huff of Kennebunk, to Ida M. Linscott.
In Hebron, Charles H. Goodwin to Emma F. Chandler.
In Liberty, July 23, Albury S. Wiley of Lyanfield, Mass., to Emma Sherman.
In Machias, July 25, William W. Hale to Mary C. Hanscom.
In Naples, July 7, Charles P. White to Mrs. Hannah M. Ingalls.
In New Sweden, July 31, Carl J. Ek to Carolina Erikson.
In North Fairfield, July 23, Henry L. Scribner of Worcester, Mass., to Ella M. Hoxie.
In Port, July 30, Elmer E. Giles of Farmington, to Nellie H. Rawson.
In Pembroke, July 9, John C. Wright to Perdita L. Turner of Londonderry, N. S.
In Phipsburg, Aug. 4, Henry W. Butler to Jennie S. Bartlett.
In Portland, Aug. 2, J. William Harper to Mary D. Waterhouse; Edwin S. Jackson to Imogene Poor; George W. Mitchell to Ada L. Poor; Aug. 3, Weller Noyes to Jennie Perley; July 31, Erl L. Cobb to Martha J. Lang.
In Philadelphia, Pa., July 23, Wm. Gearhart to Jennie F. Gilbert, formerly of Manchester.
In Rockland, July 29, Frank Davis to Katie Shaw.
In Sebago, July 31, Charles R. Poor to Julia E. Whitney of Standish.
In South Berwick, Aug. 3, Frank H. Crocker to Emma L. Gerrish.
In South Thomaston, July 30, Willis A. Adams to Hattie M. Shuman.
In Stillwater, July 31, Ellis Haskell to Minnie F. Fox, both of Oldtown.
In Swanville, July 18, Charles H. Elwell of Monroe, to Ellen M. Kimball of Jackson.
In Tenant's Harbor, July 7, Levias W. Davis to Mary H. Baxter.
In Vassalboro, Aug. 4, Alfred H. Taber to Abbie M. Wheeler.
In West Gouldsboro, July 25, J. Walter Weeks of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Fannie B. Shaw.

Died.

In Albany, July 26, Rawson Hutchinson, aged 79½ years.
In Auburn, Aug. 2, Georgie Stevens, aged 8 months.
In Bangor, July 30, Sadie Maxfield, aged 9½ years.
In Bath, July 23, Adelaide Patten, aged 11 months; July 31, Lucy E. Crooker, aged 5¾ years; July 30, Harley Prudent, aged 20 years; Aug. 3, George A. Lightbody, aged 23¾ years; Aug. 4, John J. Ramsay, aged 74¾ years.
In Biddeford, July 25, William H. Heeney, aged 45½ years; July 27, Grace Carter, aged 5 years.
In Boston, Aug. 3, C. W. Dennison, Jr., of Portland, aged 37 years.
In Bowdoinham, July 15, Charles L. Carleton, aged 83½ years.
In Bradford, July 31, David P. Lassel, aged 73 years.
In Brooksville, July 31, Mrs. Anna L. Smith, aged 26½ years.
In Charlotte, July 19, Mrs. Roxanna Fisher, aged 84 years.
In Clinton, July 31, Caleb G. Emery, aged 49¾ years.
In Columbia Falls, July 22, Aaron Allen, aged 63 years.
In Deering, Aug. 2, Mrs. Martha D. Noble, aged 69 years.
In Eastport, July 16, Robert W. Mitchell, aged 10 years; July 21, Jennie Boyd, aged 5¾ years.
In Edmunds, July 26, Jessie Y. Little, aged 27¾ years.
In Ellsworth, July 31, Mrs. Francenia R. Lancaster, aged 48 years.
In Fairfield, Aug. 1, Aaron Hoxie, aged 66 years.
In Fort Fairfield, July 18, Emma Everett, aged 16 years; July 24, Mrs. Abbie Curtis, aged 30 years.
In Freeman, July 24, Mrs. Betsey Winter, aged 81 years.
In Gardiner, July 30, Mrs. Mary E. Seger, aged 45¾ years.
In Georgetown, July 30, Bertha M. Campbell, aged 4¼ years.
In Gilead, July 27, Augustine E. Davis, aged 26½ years.
In Greenfield, July 11, Mary E. Crooker, aged 13½ years.
In Hallowell, July 23, Freddy W. White, aged 2¾ years.
In Harrison, Minn., July 30, Ransom Nash, formerly of Columbia, aged 61 years.
In Harmony, July 24, Gardner Cookson, aged 61 years.
In Houlton, July 25, David Cogan, aged 69 years.
In Hudson, Aug. 2, Thomas J. Brown.
In Isleboro, July 24, Mrs. Betsey J. Pendleton.
In Jone-port, July 28, Seward Tinker, of Eastport, aged 20; July 30, Ernest Woodside, aged 3 years.
In Knightville, Aug. 2, Ernest Woodside, aged 3 years.
In Lamoine, Aug. 1, George Desisles, aged 4¼ years.
In Lewiston, July 18, Mrs. Olive Baker, aged 73 years; July 27, James H. Nelligan, aged 28 years; July 19, Mrs. Eliza T. Russell, aged 66¾ years; Aug. 1, Rowena Pingree, aged 81¾ years.
In Lubec, July 26, Drew Mason, aged 5 years.
In Machias, 12, Lester Gilson, aged 3¾ years.
In Mariaville, July 29, Joseph T. Smith, aged 79¾ years.
In Milltown, N. B., July 17, Mrs. Eliza M. Hughes, of Boston, aged 35 years.
In Minneapolis, Minn., July 3, Eben S. Hanscom, formerly of East Machias, aged 85 years.
In Monroe, Aug. 3, Susie McKenney, aged 8 years.
In Mount Desert, July 20, Lewis, aged 4 years; July 24, Gracie, aged 6 years, children of Mark Gray.
In New Portland, July 24, Mrs. Lizzie Hutchins.
In New York, July 29, Jeremiah C. Barker, formerly of Saccarappa, aged 67 years.
In North Haven, July 20, Rufus Calderwood, aged 85 years.
In North Vassalboro, Aug. 1, Mary Conley, aged 14½ years.
In North Waterford, July 29, Mrs. Elvira C. Brown, aged 29¾ years.
In Old Orchard Beach, Aug. 2, Mrs. Julia E. Springer, of this city, aged 47 years.
On voyage from Savannah to Bath, June 7, Israel Thompson, of Calais, aged 56 years.
In Paris, July 19, Cora L. Brown, aged 11 years.
In Phipsburg, July 30, Thomas Clough, aged 58 years.
In Portland, July 31, Capt. Edward Waite, aged 88½ years; Karie Files, July 28, Arthur F. Bond, aged 1½ years; Aug. 1, Mrs. Jeanie Wright, aged 34 years; Aug. 3, Mrs. M. Lizzie Morton, aged 36¾ years; Aug. 3, Mrs. Ann Magner, aged 87 years.
In Prospect, July 29, Enoch N. Gilman, aged 62¾ years.
In Rockland, July 29, Eli P. Hall, aged 59¾ years; Aug. 1, Thomas H. Savage, aged 62 years.
In Saco, July 26, Thomas A. Underwood, aged 10 months; July 31, Willie R. Bean, aged 7 years.
In Sebago, July 25, Mrs. Matilda H. Douglass, aged 30¾ years.
In Sidney, Aug. 4, Alfred Drummond, aged 69 years.
In Stonbon, July 26, Mrs. Abbie S. Parritt, aged 36¾ years; July 28, Annie Farris, aged 23 years.
In St. George, July 24, Capt. Orlando T. Seavey, aged 34¾ years.
In The Forks, July 22, Olive V. M. Lockwood, aged 33¾ years; July 9, Mrs. Peggy J. Young, aged 71¾ years.
In Thomaston, Aug. 1, Edith H. Bucklin, aged 4 months.
In Trenton, July 29, Hannah Foster, aged 22½ years.
In Unity, July 23, Martha D. Knickless, aged 16½ years.
In Waldoboro, July 29, Jo. Achorn, aged 81 years; Aug. 2, Mrs. Elizabeth J. T. Hollis, aged 73¾ years.
In Washburn, July 19, Julia A. Hall, aged 50 years.
In Webster, June 30, Mrs. Eliza Moody, aged 70 years.
In West Camden, July 24, Mrs. Mary Reagan, aged 86 years.

FELLOWS' Compound Syrup of HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

THE POWER OF ARRESTING DISEASES displayed by this preparation is honorably acknowledged by the Medical Faculty in every section where it has been introduced; and the large sale is the best guarantee of the estimation in which it is held by the public. For the effect produced by

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

the inventor will refer to the medical gentlemen whose letters are attached hereto.

[Extract from a letter]

LYNN, MASS., March 1, 1876.

MESSRS. FELLOWS & CO., St John, N. B.

Gents: I have prescribed your Syrup (Fellows' Hypophosphites,) in my practice, for some hundreds of patients, where its use was indicated, with quite satisfactory results.

J. A. MCARTHUR, M. D.,
32 South Common St.

ELDRIDGE SIMPSON, M. D., of Hudson, N. Y., writes:

"I have used the Syrup of Hypophosphites made by Mr. Fellows, in cases of Consumption, and other Lung and Throat Diseases, with the most gratifying results."

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Will

Poetry.

Oh, for a Swing in the Old Elm Tree.

Oh, for a swing in the old elm tree
And a breath from the clover fields!
I'd give the state of a palace hall
And the spices that India yields.

To see again in the old-time way
The meadows and pastures that I knew,
The hills and the valleys, the rocks and the trees,
And the woods where the wild-flowers grew.

To lie once more in the thick, soft grass,
With the awe t winds brushing by,
The world outside and a heart at peace,
And above the summer sky.

To watch the clouds in their shifting lights
And the mists on the distant hills,
And dream to the music of rustling leaves
And the voices of dancing rills.

To wade once more in the cooling stream
That wound by the n.adside below,
Where the laural bloomed and the eglantine
And the maiden-hair used to grow.

To kneel again in the little church
Where I prayed with a childish trust
Ere the haunting doubts of a later time
Had touched it with moth and rust.

To sleep once more 'neath the moss-grown roof;
My spirit would flut again
The long-lost chord of that happy time
And take up the glad refrain.

My heart grows sick and my eyes are dim
For a sight of familiar things;
The grassy nook and the old elm tree
Would be more than the throne of kings.

Ah, me, how the years have stretched between!
What chances and changes they've wrought!
What gains and what losses, what hopes and what fears,
How little of promise they've brought!

Our Story Teller.

SUSAN'S DECISION.

Miss. Mehitable Waterford looked at the clock again. Midnight in ten minutes! Her knitting needles clicked more nervously than before, as she hitched her chair impatiently nearer the fire; and she shook her head and sighed, her kindly, care-worn face full of anxious solitude. She bent forward presently to listen to some low, indistinct sound down stairs—a sound of pain it seemed, a quite low, stifled sobbing.

"Well," said Miss Mehitable to herself, softly, "one may sometimes carry delicacy to the verge of cruelty. Tom Huntington slammed that front door at just five minutes past ten o'clock; and no matter what the quarrel was, an hour and three-quarters is enough to allow any girl to cry in. Poor silly child!" she continued, rolling up her knitting work carefully and transfixing it with needles; "poor silly child! Charles Winter is worth ten of Tom Huntington any day from New Year to Christmas, and loves her better than that fancy-fine young jackanapes will ever love anybody but himself. However, love is a mystery; that she has no business to love Tom is the very best reason to conclude she will."

Miss Mehitable shook her head at the fire again, this time in a very melancholy and rather retrospective fashion, and still waited until the clock struck twelve. Then she went softly down stairs and opened as softly the door of the smaller sitting-room Susan Waterford, her niece, was alone in the room. The lamps she had either extinguished or they had burned out; there was no light except that from the fire, and on the floor before it sat the girl—her arms thrown wearily across the cushion against which she supported herself, her languid head drooping down upon them, and her whole eloquent attitude bespeaking the lassitude of grief too long indulged. To the heart of the kindly woman who looked at her, it was a most piteous spectacle. For tho' Susan was something of a coquet, she was at heart a good as well as a pretty girl, and she was well beloved by her maiden aunt; and to see—even in the flicker of the firelight she *could* see—how tears had discolored her dainty cheeks, and swollen her delicate lids, how h r pretty brown hair had fallen disconsolate about her tear-stained face, it brought responsive moisture to Miss Mehitable's own eyes, and made her voice soft with sympathy, tho' her words were just such commonplace words as are generally discarded in story telling, tho' they are in ordinary use elsewhere.

"Get up off the floor, my dear," said Miss Mehitable. "You'll take your death of cold if you havn't done so already. A cold in your head maybe, and then you can't go to Annie Johnstone's party to-morrow night."

Miss Mehitable hadn't the faintest suspicion that she was sarcastic; and tho' she had used so opposite an argument, she as little imagined that she possessed any Mephistophelian insight into the workings of the female heart. However, Susan only lifted her head and her figure a little to clasp her arms about her knees. Then she gulped down another sob—by no means the "*last* of a thunder shower"—and she said she didn't care if she did have a cold in her head; she didn't want to go anywhere; she wanted to die, and she wished she was dead.

"Oh, my dear Susan!" cried Miss Mehitable, shocked, "That is really wicked of my dear child, don't fly in the face of Providence like that. You may be dead before you know it."

"I don't know what you mean by flying in the face of Providence," Susan answered, piteously, now crying in good earnest. "I don't want to fly in anything's face. If I could fly at all, I'd fly far enough from here, I'd fly (sob)—I'd fly to Cape Horn (sob)—a.id drown myself."

She probably mentioned Cape Horn as involving an idea of distance and hardship, tho' it was scarcely clear why her intention of "suffering a sea change" could not have been carried into effect nearer home.

Miss Mehitable took a convenient chair, and looked at her niece dismayed, for now she was sincerely scandalized.

"Susan," she said, with impressive gravity, "you are hardly in a fit frame of mind to say your prayers, or I should recommend you at once to go to bed. I don't doubt, however, but that you are suffering, and for that reason I can excuse your very singular remarks. Relieve your mind; tell me what hat in the mitter with you, child, and don't be afraid I shall be severe. I have had experience myself, tho' you might not think it to look at me now."

Dear Miss Mehitable! One might have looked at many a younger and prettier face, and have found none half so worthy of love as that she now bent toward her niece—so full was it of loving charity, tho' she thought herself justly aggrieved.

At this address, Susan's grief once more broke bounds. She cried a great deal, very bitterly, which made it the more difficult to sympathize understandingly; for tears are not helps to distinct articulation by any means. However, as well as Miss Mehitable could make out, it appeared finally, that Tom and Susan had differed grievously upon the following matter: Susan had remarked (she said) that she had never seen such fine weather in all her life. (Which was surely an inoffensive remark enough.) "From such small causes spring," etc. Will somebody be kind enough to quote now—

> "Alas! how light a cause may move
> Dissension between hearts that love!
> Hearts that the world in vain have tried—"

You have the cue, and can proceed, no doubt. (Meantime, susan is waiting.) And then she said—"Wouldn't a sort of picnic nutting-party at Beachwood Hill be charming?" And Tom said—"Yes, it would be charming; but you could't count upon the weather at this time of the year, long enough to make it pay to take the trouble to get a party up."

"Lazy fellow!" interrupted Miss Mehitable, with a sniff of disgust: "I venture Charles Winter would not have said that." And then Susan said—"That is true; and if it rained, you got your dress draggled, and spoiled your boots." And then she added, that as long as they could not have a party, suppose she and Tom should take a long, delightful ride to Beechwood Hill next day, and have a very select picnic all to themselves? And Tom said then—and—then——Sobs!

"Well," interrogated Miss Mehitable, after waiting a reasonable time, "what did Tom say then? Something foolish, I'll be bound, if it was at all like himself."

"He said," cried Susan, heedless of this slur upon the man of her heart, "that the truth was, he thought I had better take riding lessons again before I rode anywhere. He said I bounced like an India-rubber ball. And that, anyway, he had promised to ride to-morrow with Janette Calloway. That horrid, hateful creature, with her frowsy curls and her forward ways. *She* rides beautifully! I suppose. Much do I care. I only hope that both their horses will pitch them over their heads and smash themselves to powder!" And at this fearful climax, which defied Lindley Murray, and left horses and riders "in one red burial blent," Susan wiped her eyes and gazed wrathfully into the waning fire.

"Then you got angry, I suppose?" said Miss Mehitable, after a minute's attentive consideration of her niece's face.

"Yes, I *did* get angry. I told him he might ride with Janette Calloway every day of his life, if he saw fit. And that I never wished to see *him* again, on horseback or on foot. Like an India-rubber ball, indeed!"

"My dear," began Miss Mehitable, doubtfully, "you should remember that Janette is Tom Huntington's cousin, after all; and if she is such a forward girl as you say, she may have somehow almost obliged him to ask her to ride."

"I wouldn't care if she were his cousin forty times over, and had begged Tom, on her knees, to go riding with her. I would say the same thing over again this moment."

I suppose it was quite five minutes that Miss Mehitable did not open her lips. She only looked at her niece, her gray eyes full of love and solicitude. Finally, she just asked quietly—"Susan, my dear, do you really love Tom Huntingdon?"

Susan's stormy heart began to beat fast, again, and her bosom to heave. It was evident the pride she boasted made but a poor defense against the pain she felt. Miss Mehitable drew her chair near the pitiful, childish figure, and gently constrained the throbbing head to rest itself against her breast. She passed her fingers over the girl's hot temples, and forebode to repriband her sorrow, or her pettish way of showing it. Indeed, to Miss Mehitable it may not have seemed so.

They remained in the same attitude, quite silent, for a long, long time. Then Miss Mehitable spoke, in a resolute voice, which, despite that, did not quite cover the pain of her determination, even to the egotistical ear of youthful sorrow.

"Now, my dear," said she, the gentle stroke of her fingers growing slower on Susan's brow, "I am going to tell you a little story that I wouldn't tell to many people—not to you, now, but that I hope it may do some good." She sighed and paused. "Girls are so headstrong," she murmured to herself. "In spite of everything, they will have their own way when they can get it."

"But they can't get it often!" Susan remarked, dolefully.

Miss Mehitable took no notice. "However, child, I'll tell you. It isn't much, and won't detain you long. I was a little older than you, Susan. Do you remember the locket I showed you, my dear?"

"Dear Aunt Mitty, you didn't show it to me! I rushed into your room one day without knocking—and ought to have been ashamed of myself, and I was—and I saw you crying and kissing that locket. I think *all* men are hateful—yes, *hateful*! And for my part, I wish God had never made any!"

"My dear!" cried Miss Mehitable, hastily putting her hand over Susan's mouth. "That is very wicked and thoughtless! What would have become of you, if you never had had a father? Well," she continued, as the flush which Susan's reminiscence had provoked, died upon her faded cheek, "I was just a little older than you, my dear, when that locket was given to me. And I loved the giver well. I had loved him for years and years. I had begun to love him before even I can remember—when we were little children together—and, I dare say, quarelled, and scratched each other's eyes, and made it up, and kissed again, as all children do. An me!" and then a little silence.

"When we grew older, he used to carry my books to school; and sometimes he would smuggle apples for me. I remember," said Miss Mehitable, sighing, "that i didn't care to eat the apples, because he carried a piece of tarred hemp rope in his pocket, too, and it seemed to spoil the flavor of the apples. And then, when he went to college, we corresponded. And I used to knit him comforters, and wristlets, and socks too, for the matter of that, for presents at Christmas, and New Year, and such happy times. And one Christmas he sent *me* a present, too. It was the beginning of all our trouble. It was Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam," said Miss Mehitable, getting the title twisted, after careful consideration, "on something or other, my dear—it might have been acoustics, but I really can't say. James wrote me a beautiful letter, at the same time telling me that it was interesting and improving, and that he wished me to read it carefully, so as to strengthen my mind and fit myself for the position I would occupy as his wife, as he and finally made up his mind to become chief justice of the supreme court of the United States.

"I suppose his tastes must have changed in after life, however," said Miss Mehitable reflectively; "for the last I ever heard of James he was keeping a chandler's shop in the city. He was making a great deal of money at it, too, so people said. Perhaps he thought the other profession wouldn't be so lucrative. But that is nothing to the point, after all. As intimated just now, our final difference grew out of that book. I tried honestly, my dear to read it, and really could not do it. Then, when I found it was impossible to *read* it, I thought I would look over the table contents and find out some of the names at any rate, so that I could ask James what it all meant, when he came home for vacation, and let him explain it to me. I thought that would please him, my dear; and I thought too, that he could then see I had *tried*, at least, to observe his wishes. I confess I was the more particular about this, as it was just at this time he began to mention in his letters the daughter of some aged and wealthy dignitary of the college—James did not say he was that; he spoke of him as 'Mr. Grey, a rich old 'codger' to have been an honory title of some sort—whom he described as being as learned as she was lovely."

And then another and a longer pause. Miss Mehitable wiped her eyes, a little furtively, before she began again.

"How well, how vividly I recall the scene!" she murmured, gazing tenderly at the fire, and softly shaking her iron grey curls. "It was a lovely summer evening, Susan. Nothing could have been prettier than the way the calves were frisking about the yard; and the contented cows churning the grass in their mottled jaws, and waiting the flies away with their long brown tails, seemed to me to breathe upon everything an atmosphere of serenity. The steaming milk in the pails looked almost rosy in the sunset light; and the very chickens hopped up to roost in the cedar trees with an air of unusual happiness. It may have been the peace in my own heart which shed a luster upon the natural world," said Miss Mehitable, softly, "for James had come home but the evening before, and was now sitting upon the long piazza smoking a cigar, and looked as handsome as I felt happy. No whiskers on earth—*that*, at least, I will ever maintain—could have been more beautiful than his—what there was of them, of course.'

"Yes," answered Susan, a little faintly, "They were very pretty, Aunt Mitty, I'm sure."

"I was confident you would say so," resumed Miss Mehitable, with a sad smile. "But I continually wander from the subject. I came and sat down beside him, after I had strained the milk and put the things away; and James twisted one of my curls around his fingers, and asked me if I had, at last, ceased to play the *rols* of 'The Maid with the Milking Pail?' Oh, Susan! I loved him so dearly, I felt like throwing my arms around his neck and telling him so, but it occurred to me just in time, how differently the daughter of that wealthy codger would probably behave under the same circumstances. So instead, I looked gravely out toward the western pasture, and shook my head. I was trying to remember something to say about Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. What's troubling your thoughts now, you rural daughter of Eve?" asked James. 'Are you thinking that Snowball doesn't give so much milk as she ought, or that Browning's calf will soon be old enough to turn to pastnre?' 'I'm not thinking of either, said I, blushing, because I was a little hurt at his calling me 'rural.' 'I was thinking of Lord Verulam's conclusion in regard to the suggestion of Humanities. I almost agree with him. What do you think, James?' "Hard as those words are, Susan," said Miss Mehitable, solemnly, "I shall remember them to my dying day! I tried not to look conscious when I spoke, for I thought he would be greatly pleased. But I was not at all prepared for his reception of my remark. He stared at me for a minute in seeming astonishment, and then he burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I ever heard. He laughed, and laughed, and laughed until he almost choked. And all the time I felt my cheeks burning redder and redder, until I thought they must scorch with the heat. "Oh, Mitty!" cried James, at last, catching his breath, "you are the darlingist little goose! What, in the name of Heaven, do you mean by Lord Verulam's Aggregation of Humanitics?" And then he began to laugh again. But for my part, I was wounded to the heart; it was all I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes and my voice from trembling. But I did do both!" said Miss Mehitable, a faint color lighting up her pale cheeks, a spark kindling in her quiet eyes. "I told him that if he thought me 'a little goose' he had better seek a mate more fit for the chief justice of the United States. I told him that a simple country girl—a mere 'rural' creature like myself, could never do him so much credit as the daughter of the 'codger' of whom he had written me! At that he laughed still louder; but his laugh sounded hollow, Susan, and he changed color. I may not be very bright, my dear—indeed I am aware I am not—but I had a quick apprehension of these things, and I was deeply hurt. James saw presently that this was the case, and he began to apologize for his manner and his words. But anger deafened him; I thought his excuses bald, and his tone cold. I would listen to nothing, and finally he left me. And—oh Susan!—it it was not two months after that, before he was united to the codger's daughter. Her name was Emilita Grey."

A silence. The wood fire played more and more faintly. The burnt brands parted in the centre and fell across the brass irons sending up a host of twinkling sparks, and scattering a cloud of feathery white ashes.

"This was but a simple story, Susan," said Miss Mehitable, "and the reason I told it to you was to induce you to think before you decide. I loved James dearly, and I knew that he loved me. Yet for a cause so foolish we parted forever. Our words were idle and the time but a moment; yet these words have poisoned my life, and that moment has deadened the sunshine of years. And so things drifted on, until a reconciliation became impracticable," said Miss Mehitable, quietly.

"Dear Aunt Mitty!" cried Susan, kissing her; "you are just too dear!"

Privately, I agree with Susan. The person upon whom Miss Mehitable had lavished such deep and constant affection was a shallow-pated individual, who was just about as capable of appreciating it as an acorn cup is able to hold the sea. His mustache, which he valued above everything else, had justified his good opinion of it by making his fortune. Miss Emilita Grey had fully shared his admiration for it, and, in consequence of her youthful predilection, Mr. Grey assisted to set her lover up as a chandler in the city; and that proverbial Providence which is stated to watch over fools, did not forget him. He was engaged to Miss Emilita at the identical instant when Miss Mehitable imagined that her folly had destroyed her life's happiness—and was decidedly enjoying the romantic entanglement thereupon consequent. All these things, however, were sealed to Miss Mehitable, and will remain so, until, amidst the other mysteries of the *dies ire*, shall be declared the secrets of all hearts. And I'm inclined to think that even then she will not be satisfied, but that the recording angel has made a mistake in names and dates.

Meantime the room had grown almost dark.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Mehitable, rising, "this is absolutely heathenish. It's past one o'clock. My dear, I'm afraid you'll not be looking very well to-morrow evening. Come—right away! I'm ashamed of myself for keeping you up so long."

When she had fumbled for the matches and found them, Miss Mehitable lighted Susan's candle and her own, and insisted upon carrying both upstairs herself. I don't know whether she thought to relieve Susan's heavy heart by thus appropriating her more material burdens, but I do know that the delicacy of her sympathy dignified the homeliest expression of it. At her room door she kissed her tenderly, but she said nothing. Only as she walked slowly back to her own chamber, she murmured to herself—

"Ah! if the poor child could only understand how much better it is to be happy than proud!"

Miss Mehitable lay awake a long time that night, pondering sadly on her own past life, and Susan's future. She turned wearily from side to side, and finally, feeling convinced that her niece was as restless as herself, and more unhappy, she went on tiptoe to the girl's room, determined to share her vigil, though she could not relieve the pain that caused it. She was considerably surprised to find her peacefully sleeping.

"Poor dear!" whispered Miss Mehitable, softly to herself, bending down to kiss her gently. "Poor dear! No doubt this is the slumber of exhaustion, the natural reaction from the excitement of such great grief as hers."

Then in the tranquil moonlight, the good soul crept quietly back to her own room, and lay there, broad awake, till the sun came in at the window to bid her a bright good morning. It never once occurred to Miss Mehitable that it should be any way singular for the principal of a love quarrel to be so readily composed, while the accessory after the fact watched through a sleepless night.

The next morning, Miss Mehitable forbore to allude remotely to the communication and confidences of the preceeding evening, and testified her sympathy only in her own peculiar fashion. She insisted that Susan should drink two cups of strong coffee at her breakfast, and put upon her plate a square of beefsteak that might have satisfied a plowman.

"Eat every mouthful, Susan; drink every drop of your coffee," said Miss Mehitable, with sarcasm. "The body must be properly sustained or the mind will give way.

"Yes, ma'am, I will try" Susan replied, acquiescently; and to speak the honest truth, she did not seem to think the task at all repugnant.

In the evening came the climacteric. Not having taken cold in her head, Susan was of course going to Annie Johnstone's party. And tho' it is to be presumed—Miss Mehitable firmly believed it, at least—that she masked a tortured heart beneath a show of anxiety as to her dress and general appearance, it is certain that no counterfit was ever better performed.

It is impossible to deny that Susan looked extremely pretty when the grand agony was complete, and she stood confessed, in all the charms of an elaborately simple dress—clouds of white tulle and feather sprays of clematis, and her delicate arms and neck marked by milky lines of pearls; (for, be it remarkable in parenthisis, Miss Susan Waterford's youth differed from Miss Mehitable's in all its surroundings, by that infinity of change which is possible only to America.)

Miss Mehitable held her at an arms length embrace—if you know what that is—so as not to crush her draperies, or to touch the freshness of her flowers.

"My precious child," she whispered in a sort of admiring awe, "who would dream to look at you that your heart was crushed?"

"Nobody, I hope," Susan answered, rather literally. "Mind, Aunt Mitty!—you'll jerk that spray out of place! Good-bye, dear. Don't be solemn about me. When I come back I'll tell you all about it. You are a real old darling!"

"Only—child, don't sacrifice your happiness for the sake of your pride!"

"No, ma'am, I don't intend to," said Susan comfortably. "Now give me my shawl, for I believe I'm finished at last!"

So she was; in more ways than one, I'm afraid. Dear Miss Mehitable folded her in her wrappings and invoked silent blessings meantime upon her pretty head. And when the little bustle of departure was well over, went down to the sitting-room to wait till her charge returned.

Well, anybody that knows anything at all about it, knows that *waiting* is just the weariest work that the curse imposed on Adam; and it occurs to me at this point that Eve and her fair descendants get much the larger share of it.

Miss Mehitable tried to knit. She made sorry progress. Sometimes she forgot to count the stitches, and sometimes she dropped them; the needles slipped unawares from her fingers at last, for she had fallen into a reverie, and sat gazing at the leaping flames, while her gray eyes darkened with her thoughts, and grew dimmer with the moisture that these provoked. The clock struck eleven. Only eleven? It seemed impossible! Miss Mehitable walked about the room nervously, a little while, and then see tried to read. But she gave that up also, when she found herself solemnly perusing the same sentence the seventeenth time, and shut the book, and folded her hands idly in her lap.

It was a little past one, when Miss Mehitable heard Susan's childish laugh outside. She pressed her hands against her heart, poor soul—she did not know what dire catastrophe she had anticipated, until that laugh showed her that the mercy of heaven had averted any. She was absolutely quite pale, when—after a long good-night addressed to her escort, Susan came dancing into the room.

"You up, you darling?" cried the young lady with effusion, as she kissed her "Oh! but haven't I had a splendid time! Danced every set—waltzes and gallops and all! Annie thought my dress was just perfection!" (great emphasis), "and she looked as sweet as a pink, herself. Oh! but I am tired!"

Whereupon Susan threw herself into a chair, and closed her eyes, and panted with her head thrown back, and looked bewitching.

"My dear—I cannot endure this suspense any longer," said poor Miss Mehitable, solemnly; for really, the dear old maid thought all this might be acting—"did you see Tom Huntington?"

"Oh, yes'm," said Susan, opening her eyes and blushing a little; "I saw him."

"What did you say to him, Susan?"

"Oh, I didn't say much!—asked him if I danced like an india rubber ball as well as rode like one."

"But, my child! that wasn't all, surely?"

"No, ma'am; that wasn't quite all." Susan hesitated; and for the credit of my sex, I am glad to record that she almost looked embarrassed.

"Well?"

"Well, Aunt Mitty—I suppose I might as well tell you now as at any time; but I'm afraid you'll think it's—well, queer—you have such odd notions! Well, then, I told him I was glad the farce was over. And I—Aunt Mitty, I'm engaged to Charley Winter!"

Miss Mehitable gasped.

"Well, Aunt Mitty," pleaded Susan, "you know that you always liked Charley the best."

"I did, my dear. I do. I am only surprised at the suddenness of the—the change. That is all. I hope, my dear Susan, that you will be very happy." Miss Mehitable looked severe, and spoke with unusual stiffness. But the theories of her lifetime were outraged.

"Yes'm, I hope I will. Charley says he thinks we will." said Susan, yawning a little—she had quite recovered from her momentary disquiet—"kiss me, dear Aunt Mitty, and don't be vexed; and let's go to bed."

Miss Mehitable, quickly relenting, did as she was desired. And the curtain fell for that one act of the play.

The Run from Indianapolis to Cincinnati Twenty Years Ago.

Ex-Senator H. C. Lord, of Riverside, was in this city yesterday morning for the purpose of having some spots of mildew erased from an old card-sized steel engraving of Lincoln's that bore the familiar autograph, "A. Lincoln," below the engraving. The autograph being in pencil, it suggested to a Commercial reporter that the picture might have a history. "It has a history," said Ex-Senator Lord. "It is a memento of a very memorable occasion. When Lincoln was on his way to Washington for his inauguration in 1861, I, as President of the L., C. & L. Road, had a special train to carry him from Indianapolis to Cincinnati. Committies of the City Council and other bodies went up to Indianapolis to escort him here. I gave the forward car of the train to Lincoln, and took extra precaution to protect him, by having the road clear and six armed guards placed on the train. Lincoln expressed a desire to be alone, and as unwillingness to see anybody, or even to appear on the platform. I accordingly allowed no one to enter, and he, my wife and myself occupied the car alone. He sat in the forward part. My wife and I sat some distance in the rear. I don't suppose I spoke to him three times on the trip, and then merely to ask him if I could be of any service to him. We did not want to disturb him. He appeared careworn, sad and sat silently all the way, apparently in deep thought, with his elbow over the back of the seat and his face buried in his hand, occasionally changing the right to the left hand. We made a very rapid run. As we approached Cincinnati, Mr. Lincoln opened a valise so old and worn that it looked as though he had carried it in his flatboat days, and, taking his picture from it, drew his pencil and wrote his name as you see, and presented it to my wife. I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I didn't vote for you, and I'm sorry for it.'

"Yes," said Mr. Lord, as he covered the picture again, "I prize this picture very highly."

"A curious little coincidence occurred the other day in connection with that trip," he concluded. "At the mee ing of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—a fine body of men they are, too—one of the members came up to me and said, 'Mr. Lord, I don't suppose you remember me?' I could not recall him at the time, and told him so, when he said 'I'm the engineer that ran your train when you took Lincoln from Indianapolis on his way to the inauguration twenty years ago.'—'Yes,' said another, 'and Mr. Lord, I,m the engineer that took him back dead.' It's curious how these coincidences sometimes crowd upon each other," said the genial old gentleman, as the reporter took his leave.—[*Cincinnati Commercial of a recent date.*

DEATH OF COL. RUST. Col. Henry Rust, Jr., died last Friday at the Maine General Hospital, where he had been for the past two weeks. His home was at Haverhill, Mass., where he has lived the most of the time since the war, engaged in the hat manufacture. Col. Rust entered the service from Norway at the very outbreak of the rebellion as sergeant of Co G., 1st Maine regiment, April 26, 1861, was promoted 1st lieutenant soon after, and remained with the regiment until mustered out in August. At the ex piration of the 10th, he was made captain of Co. G., and left the State in October. He was appointed Lieut.-Colonel and then colonel, and was ordered to the command at Ship Island. He was afterward in command at Forts Jackson and St. Philip From there he was detailed as Provost Marshal and President of Enrollment in Louisiana, and in January, 1864, rejoined his regiment in Texas. He was here assigned to the command of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 13th A. C. On the Red River campaign he commanded his regiment at the battle of Pleasant Hill and Sabine Cross Roads. On April 23, at the battle of Cane River, he commanded the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 19th, A. C., which command he retained until July 1, 1864. The regiment was afterwards sent North, and participated in the operations in the Shenandoah, until August when they came home on veteran furlough. On their return he was placed in command of the 2d Brigade, and afterwards to command of the town of Martinsburg. He remained at this post a large part of the time until mustered out of service on January 6, 1865. He was a brave soldier.

FUNERAL OF JUDGE CLIFFORD. The funeral of Nathan Clifford, late Judge of the United States Supreme Court, took place in Portland. The remains, encased in a handsome metallic casket, mounted with massive silver handles, looked very lifelike. The funeral services for the family were held at the house, and there, as at the church, later, the floral offerings were many and elegant. One piece in particular was noticeable, being characteristic of the Judge's profession. It was a large pillow of flowers, from the centre of which rose a shaft surmounted by the scales of justice, also of flowers. The public funeral services were held at the First Parish church, where had gathered the members of Cumberland bar and other friends, the services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Hill. The State Court, the law term of which is sitting here, adjourned out of respect to Judge Clifford, and attended the funeral, the members of the court sitting in Portland, being Chief Justice Appleton and Judges Walton, Barrows, Danforth, Virgin and Symonds. Judge Fox of the United States District Court for Maine, Chief Justice Waite and Judge Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court, Judge Blodgett of Chicago, U. S. District Attorney Sanger and U. S. Marshal N. P. Banks of Mass., were also present. After the services at the church the remains were taken to Evergreen Cemetery and placed in the family lot. At the grave there was a profusion of flowers. The pall bearers were Judges Waite and Miller of the U. S. Court, Appleton and Walton of the State Court, and Bion Bradbury and John Rand, of the Cumberland bar.

AN EMINENT NONOGENARIAN. The Bangor *Whig* says "the nineteth birthday of Rev. Dr. Enoch Pond was appropriately observed on Friday last. It was an occasion of rare interest to the many callers among the more prominent of whom were the Hon. Hanibal Hamlin and wife; Mr. Charles Proctor, wife and three children, from Lewiston, Ill.; Dr. Henry Blodgett and wife, from Peking, China, where they have been missonaries for thirty years, and Rev. John Hincks from Montpelier, Vt., and many of the clergy of Bangor. With the exception of being a little deaf, the venerable devine retains his faculties in a remarkable degree, his conversation being bright, and pleasant, and displaying vigorous thought. The Professor's long life has been one of eminent usefuiness, and it is largely due to his unselfish labors that the Bangor Theological Seminary has risen from its obscure and feeble condition to its present high standing and prosperity. May he live to round a full century.

An exchange says a twenty-months-old baby in Vernon, Texas, ran away and was lost one night in the woods. The whole neighborhood turned out, and the next morning the little one was found a mile from home, but in the twelve hours that had elapsed it had become apparently as wild as a hawk. It knew no one, and bit and scratched with all its little strength when any one approached. Some years ago a New Hampshire girl of tender age was lost for a night, and when found was similarly affected, and she has never fully recovered from the effect of that night's experience.

Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

A young lawyer is in a state of great anxiety over the new translation of the Testament. He wants to know if all oaths sworn upon the old version are invalid; for "if so," he exclaims with rapture, "what good times we lawyers are going to have!"

An unsuccessful vocalist went to the poorhouse and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he had been singing in poor houses ever since he began his career.

A man went through bankruptcy. He had owned a fine horse and gig, and they both disappeared for a time, but by and by the horse and gig both were doing service for the same owner again. On being asked what this meant, the man's reply was: "I went through the bankruptcy court, but the horse and gig went round."

A man who was fishing for trout in the Tionesta, years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he said: "Just my luck; never could catch any fish."

"I say, when does this train leave?" "What are you asking me for?" Go to the conductor; I'm the engineer." "I know you're the engineer; but you might give a man a civil answer." "Yes, but I'm no civil engineer."

Young Folks' Column.

[☞We invite the bright young folks numbered among our thousands of readers, to contribute original articles to this column. Contributions will also be welcomed from older people who sympathize with the children and are able to give them instruction and amusement.]

At Mother's Knee.

Safe to the fold the shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day,
And thus my darlings come to me,
At last grown t ed of their play;
And while the twilight shadows fall,
O'er hill and meadow from above,
I draw my little lambkins safe
Within the fold of home and love.

O drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
O nodding heads! I understand;
'Tis time two little travelers start,
With mother's aid, for "slumberland."
So fold the dresses snug away,
And free the restless, dainty feet
From shoes and stockings. Thus at last,
My little lambs refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white before me kneel
With folded hands. O Father, thou
Who art the Shepherd of thy flock,
Bow down thine ear and listen now
To each low childish prayer that these
My children offer up to thee.
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so, through all these silent years
Which lie between the night and day,
They shall not fear, since from the fold
Thy love will drive all foes away.
Sleep, little ones,—oh, sweetly sleep,
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;
And safe from slumberland you come
Back to your mother's knee at last.

Splicing the Ladder.

One night the large and splendid Sailor's Home in Liverpool was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them.

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "Give me a long ladder and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder," he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his own shoulders, and holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others we must *add our own length* to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow-clerk, Warren Proctor was becoming a hard smoker and a hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years old. When he urged him to stop drinking, Warren replied—

"Why, you sometimes take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor, I will do the same." was the reply.

The bargain was made, and Harry saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.

A widow lady near me was suffering from sickness and poverty. Her daughter a delicate, refined girl, said to herself, "My mother must be taken care of; I'll advertise for a place as a servant-girl."

She did so. A rich man saw the advertisement, and determined that the brave girl should not undertake that, he procured her a situation as secretary in an institution where she gets six hundred a year. An unselfish daughter thus brought relief to a suffering mother. She spliced the ladder with her own self-denying exertions.

It is a noble thing to be unselfish, and to give up gratifications for the sake of other people.

When the great Christian sage of old said, "It is right not to drink wine by which my weak brothers stumble," he added the length of his own influence to the ladder for saving others from drunkenness.

I could tell of two Christian lads, well educated and refined, who go every Sunday to a mission school in a dirty, degraded street, that they may encourage some poor ragged boys to go there too. Those two boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish, and they mean that the poor ignorant lads shall climb up in the world over them.

That is the way to imitate the Divine Master, who gave himself that men might climb out of the folly and degradation of sin into heaven itself.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

A parable.

"Oh, dear! I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy, who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present. "I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour, when he was on earth, often taught the people by parables.

The parable, told the little boys, was of a kind man, who had some very rich apples hanging on a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and stopped to admire this beautiful apple-tree. He counted these rich golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy, that he called him and said:

"My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all to himself; and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignantly. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself; and I hope that he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply; for now he began to understand the parable, and he felt an uneasy sensation at his heart. Conscience began to whisper to him. "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements? Ought he not to be punished if he will not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"

"IF I HAD KNOWN." Not long since we met a lady whose sad face told the story of great mental suffering. Entering into conversation with her we found her bowed down beneath the weight of a sorrow from which there seemed to be no relief. She said: "The Lord has laid his hand very heavily upon me. He has taken from me the light of my eyes and the staff of my old age." And then, in a few words, she told of the death of a son, a promising lad, after an illness of only a few hours, and concluded by saying: "O, if I had only known he might die, how differently would I have trained him! He received no religious education. I have been so absorbed in gaining the meat that perisheth that I have neglected the more important eternal things. O, if I had only known!" This experience speaks for itself. We need add but a word of warning to all who have in their hands the training and welfare of young immortal souls. Oh, see to it dear friends, that your children are early taught the way of life through Jesus, the only Saviour. Seek first the riches of the kingdom above for yourself and them, and God will provide for the meaner things of this earthly life. But if you neglect to secure these true riches, what have you in store for time to come but self-condemnation and the bitter cry, "O, if I had known!"

A little son of Mr. Jos. Bassett of Dexter has gone into the pork business. One day last week his father discovered him armed with a big hoe "going through" a litter of pigs which he owned, and had struck down two of them and was about to slay the rest, when his father happened on the scene and asked him what he was "up to?" The little fellow straightened up, and coolly placing his hands on his hips, replied, "Oh, nothing, papa, only making pork!"

When little Leon first went to school he was very dull about pronouncing words. One day his teacher gave him "mat" to spell. "M-a-t," he said, "mat." Thinking to help him a little, the teacher inquired: "What do you wipe your feet on before you go into the house?" The little fellow brightened up and spelled again: "M-a-t, an old piece of carpet."

A little two-year-old wished to go from one room to another, and called to her auntie to open the door. "You can do it yourself my dear," she said. "Don't you belong to the try society?" "No, I doesn't," was the little one's reply; "I belong to the Auntie try society."

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ISLESBORO, ME., Dec. 28, 1877.

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